Next Month

PUBLIC UTILITIES

William Z. Ripley

Remember what Ripley's "Main Street and Wall Street" did to the stock market in 1926? In this article, which is the result of two years' study and research, he attacks the abuses of the public utility companies with the same fearless vehemence.

THE PALE HORROR

Paul de Kruif

The author of that scientific best-seller, "Microbe Hunters," begins a new serial dealing with the thrilling battle of scientists against one of the most common and loathsome causes of insanity and death. Forum readers will follow him breathlessly along the trail of the crusade against the "pale horror" — a trail that leads from Germany through France and Austria to our own Dayton, Ohio, where American scientists are believed to have the "horror" at bay.

HOOVERVILLE

Charles R. Walker

The author of "Down and Out in Detroit" tells what he found during a recent tour of the festering industrial centers of the country in search of the first seeds of revolution. He visited the shanty-towns, or "Hoovervilles," of many cities and talked with their unemployed inhabitants. The picture he draws of how they live and what they are thinking and feeling is a disturbing one.

THE NEW "ROAD"

Lee Simonson

One way of reviving the American theatre and giving Broadway a run for its money by extending the great white way clear across the continent.

RADIO REVIEWS

Cyrus Fisher

His radio comments tell Forum readers each month what to listen for and radio advertisers and crooners where to get off.

CREATING EMPLOYMENT

William Trufant Foster

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FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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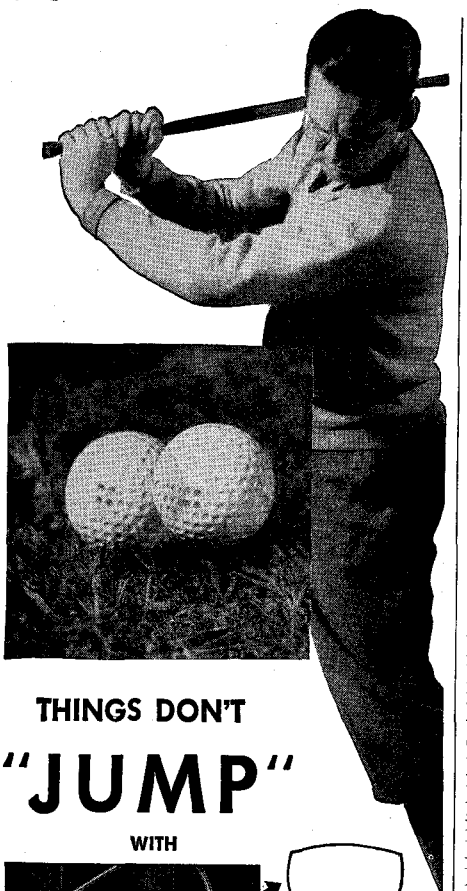

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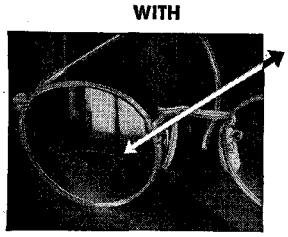

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TOASTS

M. I. MCCREIGHT was born in 1865, a descendant of pioneer Pennsylvanians of Scotch-Irish and German stock. His first job was in a private bank, which he ran alone for two weeks at the age of eighteen. In 1885 he went out west, where he had a varied and adventurous experience of real frontier life, saw several murders at close range, settled a near-massacre, and was lost in a blizzard and on the prairie. For a time he was a buffalo-bone buyer — which led to his adoption into the Sioux tribe, with Buffalo Bill as a witness at the ceremonies. On a two weeks' vacation, he came east to see his family, and was persuaded by his old banker friends to go into the First National Bank in DuBois. Later he entered the Deposit National Bank, of which he became successively Cashier, Vice-president, and President, retiring as Chairman of the Board in 1929. He has been prominently identified all his life with civic affairs in DuBois, has been President of the School Board and of the Kiwannis Club, and is a director of various local corporations.

SENATOR SMITH W. BROOKHART of Iowa, a Progressive Republican, is, of course, one of the best known members of the United States Senate, to which he was first elected in 1922. He has always been prominently identified with the farming interests, whose cause he champions.

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN is Deputy Commissioner of Correction of New York City. For twelve years he was the only Inspector of Prisons for the United States Government, Alaska and Puerto Rico being included in his territory, and before taking up his present post he was Assistant Consultant in Delinquency and Penology at the Russell Sage Foundation. Last year he was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship to make studies in the field of penology abroad. His collaborator, VEE TERRYS PERLMAN, was also co-author with Mr. Fishman of *Crucibles of Crime*, a book devoted to the jails of the United States.

ALVA JOHNSTON recently left the *New York Herald-Tribune* to join the staff of *The New Yorker*. One of the country's foremost reporters, he is especially well known for his political portraits and profiles of famous people.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, who teaches school in New Rochelle, N. Y., has contributed poetry to *The Commonweal*, *The New Yorker*, and to F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower."

PAUL HUTCHINSON, Managing Editor of *The Christian Century*, has spent considerable time at Geneva, where he wrote a book on *The United States of Europe* as a series of special articles for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He was, incidentally, one of the few churchmen who, in 1919, opposed American adherence to the League of Nations. Mr. Hutchinson says that he is known among his cronies as a hopeless pessimist about world affairs, and that his pessimism — which he calls Spenglerian optimism — is based on experience in almost every storm-center of the globe. Which brings one to the fact that he is about to publish a book called *Storm Over Asia*.

RUBEN LEVIN is City Hall reporter for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and has spent a good part of his life in "this Germanic metropolis, so bare of gangs and so full of beer." He shifted from electrical engineering to journalism, and his newspaper jobs have taken him as far afield from Wisconsin as Paris, not to mention jaunts to Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands.

THE ANONYMOUS author of "I'm Going Back to Church" is at present staff physician for a state hospital in the Southeast. He has contributed poetry and prose — but especially poetry — to a number of publications, and his particular interests are early American history, American ethnology, Negro life, balladry and folk lore.

LAUREN W. GILFILLAN graduated from Smith College in 1931 and, as stated in the editorial note preceding her article, went down to the Pittsburgh coal mines after her failure to get a job in New York.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT has been on the staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature* since it was founded twelve years ago. He is the author of several books of poetry, and has recently completed a novel in verse.

MILDRED ADAMS, a regular contributor to the *New York Times Magazine*, says that her Middle Western origin, her Californian education, and her New York residence do not seem to explain why she has such an incurable affection for Spain, where she recently spent some months.

GERTRUDE BRYAN LEEPER was elected a member of the Tenth Arizona Legislature for 1931–2. She is Executive Secretary of the State Board of Health of Arizona, worked for eight years on the *Arizona Gazette*, and was formerly Editor and Co-publisher of *The Arizona Woman*.

C. J. THORNQUEST is a 1932 graduate of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

CYRUS FISHER, who assisted DARWIN L. TEILHET in gathering the material for the two previous instalments of radio criticisms, has taken over the work which Mr. Teilhet, due to the press of business circumstances, has had to relinquish.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT; Viking, $4.00.

WHEN Arnold Bennett died, in March, 1931, he left a journal of over a million words, begun in 1896, when he was twenty-eight, and continued almost to the very end of his life. Now it is to be published in three volumes, of which this is the first. Even considering the barren patches that are inevitable in any record of this kind, this first section (which goes up to 1910) is immensely interesting and, if only because it was written by the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*, important. Admirers of that classic novel may here follow its progress from the time Bennett conceived the idea — on seeing a lonely hag in a Paris restaurant — through the months when he labored at it, snatching time from his grubbing activities as a journalist and writer of what he termed "sensational" fiction, to its publication and the gradually mounting enthusiasm which followed. Aside from a step-by-step diary of his literary career, however, the Journal is worth reading for its self-revelation of the man who wrote it. A hedonist, a seeker after success measured in newspaper notices, pounds, and francs, Bennett never knew real happiness. To-day was never satisfying — to-morrow might be; but to-morrow always proved to be a disappointing repetition of to-day. He lived his life on an exclusively material plane, yet regretted that he could not find spiritual contentment. To what lengths his *ennui* might have driven him, we shall never know, for, fortunately, he was saved from utter despair by his work, at which he slaved indefatigably, always writing, never rewriting. Of that work this Journal is an essential, valuable part.

INVESTING IN WAGES, by Albert L. Deane and Henry Kittredge Norton; Macmillan, $1.75.

A PRACTICAL business man, Mr. Albert L. Deane, President of the General Motors Holding Corporation, has turned economist and presented a simple machinery for stabilizing employment by keeping consumption abreast of production. The Deane Plan sets up for the manufacturing industries a fact-finding bureau designed to ascertain the consumer demand for a given product as accurately as Proctor and Gamble determine the soap requirements of the American people for the coming year. As industry is now organized, when sales decline the factory cuts down its payroll and retrenches by discharging labor. This process has the disadvantage of being suicidal. For the loss of wages deprives labor of purchasing power and cuts down consumption by so much and thus contributes to the descending spiral of depression. The Deane Plan

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"Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article which I submitted to Hoard's Dairyman. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65, which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper. I have had many compliments on the latter from people who read the paper." — Mrs. Edith J. Tilton, R. F. D. 2, Box 34, Ashton, Ill.

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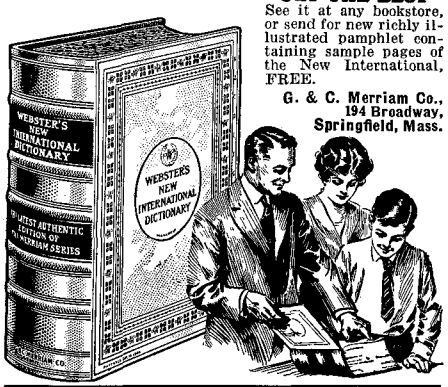

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Books in Brief

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STATE FAIR, by Phil Stong; Century, $2.50.

HERESY IS in our midst. Every right-minded reader of modern fiction knows that the Middle West is one vast bog of squalor, frustration and gloom. To write a gay, ingratiating novel about a family of Iowans who are pleased with their lot, and with each other, is surely to infringe some major law. This is what Mr. Stong does. The Frakes, who spend such a swell week at the Iowa State Fair, are indubitably contented and uninhibited people. Their magnificent hog, Blue Boy, carries off unprecedented honors; Mrs. Frake's pickles win all the prizes in sight; more importantly, the children — a boy and girl in their late teens — take their first heady plunge into the current of passion. They emerge unscathed, with the poise and wisdom to know that the city-bred loves, so casually encountered, are not for them. This is a delightful novel, entertaining and robust. To label it "wholesome" is, in this case, to be genuinely descriptive and not insulting.

A MODERN HERO, by Louis Bromfield; Stokes, $2.50.

WHAT DOTH it profit a man, asks Mr. Bromfield, if he gain the whole world yet lose his soul, and no one who has read many novels will be surprised to learn that the answer is "Very little." By means of a ladder of women who succumb to his sensual charms, Pierre Radier ascends the heights of worldly success, winning money, power, and many mistresses; but in the end his various lusts prove his undoing, and his spectacular career closes to the sound of the oncoming footsteps of the law. This somewhat hackneyed morality is told with Mr. Bromfield's accustomed

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Books in Brief

skill, and if it is not the equal of his earlier books it is at least an advance over the synthetic *Twenty-four Hours*. There is no getting around the fact that he is a master yarn-spinner, in spite of a generally undistinguished and occasionally downright bad style. Whether or not he proves his point — that the wages of sin are cruel and inevitable — is a different matter, for his representatives of good, like those of many another tale-teller and moral adorner before him, are disappointingly stodgy in comparison with the glamorous figures who symbolize evil.

20,000 YEARS IN SING SING, by Lewis E. Lawes; Long & Smith, $3.00.

ANYTHING that the Warden of the best known prison in the world has to say on the subject of penology should be interesting, but Mr. Lawes' book far exceeds reasonable expectations. Eschewing the obvious and the sensational for the typical and informative, he pictures clearly prison conditions past and present, and adds his own theories as to what should be done in the future. Warden Lawes is an opponent of capital punishment as a means of curbing crime — a believer in concentrating on the provision of a proper environment as a preventitive. He has always attempted to establish an intelligent and businesslike relationship with the men in his charge, and this simple, graphic, and humane account of his experiences convinces one that, in his theories of crime and criminals, he is on the right track.

PITY OF GOD, by Beulah Marie Dix; Viking, $2.50.

THIS IS the second of two currently published novels, both written by women, which penetrate American upper-middle-class life with unusual shrewdness and depth. Like *Heat Lightning*, which it resembles in plot and general feeling, *Pity of God* is a photograph of a family crisis, but, also like Mrs. Hull's smoother though less tense book, it is more than a photograph, since it catches swelling undertones which mere realism, however expert, must of necessity disregard. Employing but not abusing the now familiar device of the twenty-four hour time-unity and a hint of the stream-of-consciousness technique, Mrs. Dix x-rays the hearts and minds of the Vickery family, residents of a Hollywood suburb. The particular day on which the action occurs marks a turning point for each member of the family, from the superficial and selfish mother to the trusting servant-girl; so well, indeed, is the emotional plaid woven that one comes to wonder how it can ever be satisfactorily unraveled It is at this point, in the final pages, that the author introduces the phenomenon which prompted the title of the book. There is room for argument as to the legitimacy of this climax, and some will maintain that Mrs. Dix shirks her hardest task, but it is undoubtedly dramatically effective; and it is, moreover, probably the only exit from the labyrinth. Few recent novels have been as absorbing as this one; it is deserving of wide popularity, whether or not it succeeds in winning it.

THURSO'S LANDING, by Robinson Jeffers; Liveright, $2.50.

OF ALL Jeffers' narrative poems, *Thurso's Landing* is perhaps the most human, the one which has the best chance of finding a popular audience. It is as grim and somber as *Cawdor* or *The Women at Point Sur*, as full of tragic grandeur, but abnormal passions are for once subordinated in this tale of a family of four people who live in an isolated canyon on the sea coast south of Monterey. Ruthlessly, the Thursos love and hate and are destroyed, but one is more conscious than in Jeffer's other poems of their sharing ordinary human emotions, however deeply intensified, and one feels that they meet their fate with clearer eyes and therefore with more dignity. Even if one were unmoved by the rugged, pounding beauty of Jeffers' lines, by the heights to which his imagery climbs, this poem would hold one by the sheer drama of its plot.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT, by Max Miller; Dutton, $2.50.

WHEN HE graduated from college Max Miller wanted to be a novelist, and in order to gather material he condescended to take a job reporting waterfront news for a San Diego paper. Now, after six years, he is still on the wharf beat, has written no novel, and expects to write none. He is, he thinks, a failure, even though a contented, tranquil one. Of course there are at least three fallacies in his reasoning: first, that he is evidently still this side of thirty and consequently not quite finished with life; second, that anyone who has written such a good-humored, pleasant, and utterly candid book as this is no failure; and third, that having published it and received the praise which is due it, he will probably go ahead and write that novel. A disarmingly unpretentious record of his daily chores, *I Cover the Waterfront* possesses qualities — among them simplicity and a unique sense of humor — which will endear it to its, perhaps rather small, circle of readers. Its author seems to regard it as the first and last murmur of a man who wanted fame and is now going down into anonymity; but those who read his book are likely to disagree with him.

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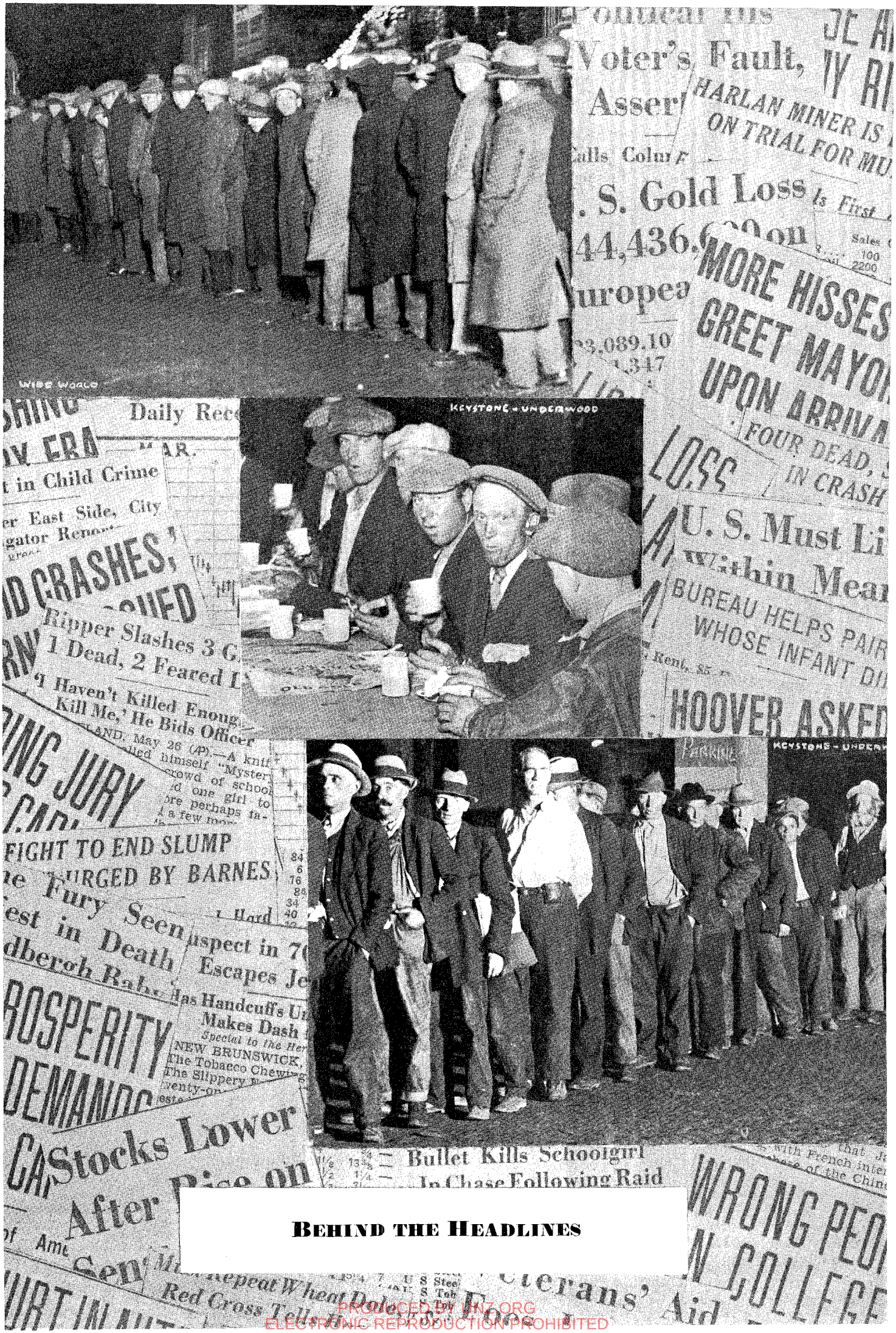

Behind the Headlines

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F O R U M

JULY, 1932 VOL. 88, NO. 1

Our Inglorious Fourth

A Foreword by the Editor

On July fourth we are asked to celebrate the 156th anniversary of the United States. What have we left of our national spirit to incite the eagle to preen his feathers? Orators who attempt spread-eagle speeches are in danger of being hooted down. This year the wings of the American eagle, instead of spreading aloft, are drooping despondently. The nation stands meekly self-indicted. For the better part of a generation before the stock market crash of 1929 most of us resented the criticism of the school of Mencken, driving in upon us that Americans are by and large a bunch of morons. By now we have become so vituperative in our self-castigation that these iconoclasts seem by comparison old-fashioned optimists.

A pessimistic Fourth of July orator might make the following assertions: "Alleged American courage has given place to jittering cowardice. Our alleged rugged individualism clamors for government doles. Our alleged efficiency has allowed an unbelievable destruction of values and an unprecedented state of unemployment. Our alleged common sense has brought on the prohibition muddle. Our alleged respect for human life suffers a higher average of murders per annum than any other civilized nation, and permits more persons annually to be executed by automobiles in New York State than were guillotined in France during the Reign of Terror. Our alleged sense of justice allows the child of our national hero to be kidnaped and a tribute of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the underworld in a vain effort to bring him back alive. Rightly, the *New York Herald Tribune* declares, 'The army of desperate criminals which has been recruited in the last decade is winning its battle against society.'"

A Silver Lining

In the face of such a national indictment, can we find anything left with which to cheer the American eagle on this inglorious Fourth? Yes, in spite of appearances, a just appraisal will reveal that we are still spiritually, even physically and financially, solvent. For the time being our courage, our individualism, our common sense, our respect for life and law, may seem bankrupt, but we have still left those indestructible good intentions with which the signers declared in Independence Hall. What is more, although we may seem to have hidden our talents away, we still retain the priceless possessions of our health, wealth, and wisdom.

If we have wisdom, where is it concealed? Our wisdom is not apparent among our alleged leaders, either in Washington or in Wall Street or in the citadels of industry. We have, however, huge reserves of wisdom stored away unused in our universities, our foundations,

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our research laboratories. There is in this nation a neglected army of intelligent brains competent to assist our economic and political society with a corporate judgment more correct than any that can be acquired in a whole lifetime of rough-and-tumble experience. It is a reserve army of quiet men of historical background who are not easily overawed by appearances. They know that a Henry Ford can be wrong, that history is not bunk, that human nature and human needs have changed but infinitesimally little in the energetic Machine Age from what they were back in the artistic Age of Pericles. Before the Tariff Act of 1930 was passed one thousand economists petitioned Congress and the President to defeat the measure and predicted the economic disasters that would follow its enactment. But Congress treated their warning with contempt and the calamities foreseen by these college professors are now lugubrious history.

A National Scientific Council?

Why not utilize this reservoir of human wisdom in the conduct of our Federal affairs? Academic plans and panaceas in plenty have been offered to lead us out of the Depression, but none of them has as yet convinced and stirred the nation. What we need, apparently, is not wise plans but wise men. Little did the framers of the Constitution dream that we would carry our enthusiasm for representative government so far as to elect men of merely average intelligence to represent us rather than men of superior intelligence to govern us. We were better represented in the wise administrations of Washington and Jefferson.

Let us mobilize our army of better brains. Since 1929 there have been many proposals for a National Economic Council. Professor Beard, Senator La Follette, and others, have presented such plans. Nothing impressive has come of them. What we really need at Washington is not merely an economic but a truly National Council, a body of carefully picked brains, free from political or financial prejudice. Let us create a national college of solons and vest them with the same dignity as the Supreme Court. The function of the court is to determine the constitutionality of the laws enacted by Congress. The function of the council would be to give their opinion of laws proposed by Congress before they are passed, and to suggest other wise legislation. Such a council would have recognized the futility of the Eighteenth Amendment before its adoption and would have known the problem of the saloon had already been wisely settled in Sweden.

We respectfully recommend to Congress that they create a National Advisory Council of nine members, to be appointed by the President. Councilmen shall serve two years on furlough from their regular occupations. They shall receive the same salaries as judges of the Supreme Court. Each member of the council shall have attained the standing of full professor in an American university or its equivalent in a non-profit-making pursuit. The council shall have no powers except those of opinion. It shall advise the Congress as to the wisdom of proposed legislation. It shall recommend to the Congress and to the States, legislation which is in its judgment desirable. To the Executive branches of the Government as well as to the private organizations and corporations, it shall from time to time propose action which, in its wisdom, likewise is in the public interest.

In England the triumphs of statesmanship in the past have been due in large measure to the mature judgment of men trained in the sober historical laboratories of the universities. This was true also of the men who so wisely framed our Constitution. But of late we have made but little use of our vast system of corporate reservoirs of knowledge in the guidance of our public life. Too much of our legislation and our high finance is fly-by-night and catch-as-catch-can. Let us marshal this maturer wisdom, this finest flower of a century and a half of American civilization. Let us give the professional and idealistic economists their inning, and bring out from the cloister their academic blueprints of human welfare based on the experience of history.

It would give the nation, the world, a feeling of confidence if there were perpetually sitting in Washington a council of seers, men of the calibre of Holmes and of Hughes and of Brandeis and of Cardoza in our Supreme Court, on whom Congress and the Executive could rely for dispassionate unprejudiced advice. Their word would not be law or veto, but the power of public opinion aroused by their leadership would be both annihilating and creative.

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An Open Letter to Al Smith

from A PLAIN CITIZEN

DEAR AL:

Don't take it, Al. Let Roosevelt or Baker or Ritchie or Garner have it, but don't you take it. Maybe you couldn't get it anyway, but I say don't try.

Not that you wouldn't make a good President if you once got in, but you know and I know that even if you got the nomination you wouldn't be elected, and we both know why. It takes all kinds to make a world, and they went out of their way to think up some special varieties when they knocked this one together: hard-shell Baptists, razor-back Methodists, Pope-baiters of all descriptions, Anti-saloon Leaguers, rabid defenders of the King's English. They're too many for you, Al.

My guess is that Hoover will be taking another four-year lease on the White House next November, and that's all right too. It looks as if the only thing any President could do in times like these is to try to keep his wits about him and sit tight and ride developments as they come along. Of course he can make gestures and issue statements. He can appoint Reconstruction Finance Commissions, and he can make a pass at restraining Congress when it goes off its nut. It's up to him to do a little exhorting now and then about balancing the budget, or revising the tariff, or halting soldiers' bonus raids on the Treasury, or remembering Washington at Valley Forge. All that is very important, of course.

But that sort of making the best of things as they happen, and talking vaguely about big issues nobody really knows much about, and never actually getting close to the human side of what's wrong with this country — that's no kind of a job for a hustler like you, Al. The cure for what ails us isn't going to be administered by the President. Nobody is going to legislate prosperity into us. Confidence and sanity won't be imposed on us from the top by the so-called leaders: we're too tired of their mistakes and their empty talk to listen to them even when they may be right. No sir, the real work is going to be done at the other end of the line.

When a nation gets the jitters and whimpers the way we have, you've got to start at the bottom to build up its morale. You've got to start with the individual — the common man. They can't cheer us up by telling us hooray, the country's sound: the budget's balanced! We've got to see the evidence in things close to us — little things, if necessary, but things we can put our hands on. We've got to *feel* that things are getting better.

Now there are going to be a lot of unemployed "presidential possibilities" after the convention, but there is no reason why you should be one of them. Right here in New York we've got a job for you that has greater possibilities for national good than the presidency. We need an honest-to-God Mayor, Al. We need a Mayor who will clean up the city and make it an example to the rest of the country. There's only one man in the world who can do it, and that's you. Will you take it?

Look at the possibilities. To the average New Yorker, not only do the foundations of the national government appear shaky these days, but along comes Judge Seabury proving that our municipal government is so rotten it stinks to high heaven. We always suspected it, more or less, but we didn't care so much until he began rubbing our noses in it and showing us in dollars and cents just how much each one of us is paying to support graft and inefficiency and racketeering. And yet, do we do anything about it? No. We take it lying down. What's the use of trying, everyone says; it's always been like this. The same thing is going on in other cities. You can't buck the system. Talk

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corruption to Mayor Walker and his only reply is to stage a rowdy parade down Fifth Avenue in favor of beer, while a hundred yards down the side streets on either side speakeasies are selling it, needled and etherized, to the knowledge of everyone and the profit of policemen, politicians, and bootleggers.

It seems as if it were just all part of the way things are going these days. City Hall's rotten. Wall Street's been shown up: look at those South American loans, and the Kreuger business, and any number of similar exposures not so great in size. There are whispers everywhere about the wobbliness of the banking system. People are wondering how sound the insurance companies are, with their large railroad holdings, *etc.* We're scared of our jobs. Many of our bosses, knowing that they have the upper hand, are coming out in their true colors and treating us as if the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments had never been heard of, and as if there would never be any day of retribution. And we're half convinced they're right, partly because we're helpless and partly because the enormity of the whole landslide is so bewildering that it seems futile to lift a finger against even a part of it.

They're saying that what we need is a popular leader to arouse us from our lethargy and give direction to our resentment. Can you imagine Hoover as a popular leader? It would be difficult for any President to achieve that position, simply because he represents such a large and miscellaneous constituency. It's doubtful that it could ever be enthusiastically united in any one cause by the effort of one man.

But no hero ever had such a ready-made following as you have here in New York, Al. We may be a small part of the total population of the country, but we're behind you strong. We haven't forgotten what you did in those eight years as Governor. We have faith in you and we know you could clean up New York in a year if you set your mind to it. You know the ropes. You know Tammany's methods and you've shown that you know how to deal with their leaders. Say the word and we'll carry you into City Hall on our shoulders. We'll elect you by acclamation. It'll be a pushover!

Don't you see what it would mean? Every city and town in the country looks to New York. Some in admiration, probably more in envy or contempt; but whatever their feelings, their eyes are upon us. Don't you see what it would mean to them? Here's the biggest, and one of the crookedest and most wastefully run cities in the country cleaned up before you could say "James J. Walker" — and all because one able man, with the people behind him, took off his coat and got to work. You would be giving the lie to the defeatists and futilitarians in a manner that would directly affect the lives of at least ten million people — and who knows how many more indirectly? As an individual you would be setting an example locally to those of us who have given in spinelessly to our afflictions; as Mayor of the greatest city in the country you would be setting an example to every town and city in the land — and they contain over half of America's population. Is there any doubt that they would follow your lead, once they had seen it work out? Could there be a bigger boost to the morale of the nation?

As for yourself, there's no need to point out the political expediency of such a move. No matter who's President for the next four years, he won't reap any laurels for himself. Things won't pick up that fast. He may not have to take the beating Hoover has taken this term, but he won't go to the convention in 1936 trailing any clouds of glory behind him. And you? You have a chance to do something sensational here in New York while he's marking time in Washington. You'll be keeping yourself before the public in the most favorable possible light. You'll be honest Al, the happy warrior, the cheerful foe of privilege and corruption, the idol of the working classes, the man who wasn't afraid to roll up his sleeves and tackle a dirty job that nobody else had been able to handle. And if, in 1936, you still want to take another crack at the Presidency, your chances will be far better than they are now or ever have been.

What do you say, Al?

Come on. You've finished your Empire State Building, and it's the biggest thing in sight, all right, but nobody will be renting any space in it till things get better. In the meantime, how about cleaning up the back yard?

In Our August Issue C. A. Dykstra Will Tell How Cincinnati Was Cleaned Up.

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What Happened to Du Bois

by **M. I. McCREIGHT**

I

AFTER FORTY YEARS of banking I sit here on the veranda of my country home looking out over what once was one of the richest sections of western Pennsylvania — rich in lumber, coal, leather, glass, silk, coke, iron, chinaware, and clay products, and besides, there were fine farms — fruit, dairying, beef-cattle, hogs, and sheep — all actively supporting large and regular payrolls. My view includes, within a partial circle northwest, east, south, and southwest, a great bowl of rolling hills and open valleys — a sweep of a hundred miles bordered by the eastern continental water-divide. Here are the headwaters of former beaver streams which furnished rich trade for the French for nearly two centuries, until the youthful Washington came to warn them out and started the bloody Indian wars lasting for nearly half a century. On one of these meandering upland creeks the beavers had built a dam the backwash and floods above which formed a "flat" or meadow of several hundred acres, now partially within the town limits, to cross which the paved Liberty Boulevard was constructed, nearly half a mile in length.

Du Bois, Pennsylvania, is situated on a small plateau surrounded by hills, on the western slope of the Alleghany mountains. It might be taken as typical of the small American industrial town. Over 85% of its 11,595 inhabitants are native whites. Many of them were formerly employed in its iron and coal mines, its clay pits, its silk, flour, and lumber mills, its lumber yards, its tanneries, its foundry and machine shops. This description of the decline of Du Bois came to the Editor in the form of an unsolicited letter. It was written by the president of the Deposit National Bank of Du Bois.

That once charming landscape is now a desolation and wilderness of wreckage — abandoned farms, abandoned coal mines, abandoned street railways, villages, and factories. I can see unkempt farms, bare of livestock, their owners struggling for existence and facing sheriff's sales for taxes, while glass-factories, tanneries, and mines are masses of junk. Two coal operations representing millions were recently abandoned and their costly equipment sold to the scrap-dealer, their former prosperous populations turned away and their village homes torn down to leave unsightly scars. Many millions of tons of Pennsylvania's best bituminous coal were thus buried beyond recovery. Miles of sidings holding rusting coal cars; miles of abandoned railroad; miles of concrete highway lined with garbage, dingy signs, and billboards formerly maintained by self-styled progressive business men, which obstruct the view and disgust the motorist with what is naturally some of Pennsylvania's most charming and picturesque scenery.

The finest brewery in the state has been practically idle here for twelve years. It represented an investment of more than half a million dollars. Formerly it maintained a large working force and payroll. Its contribution in taxes to the United States Treasury was $350,000 a year, with nearly as much more to the state and local governments. Its incoming supplies and raw materials and outgoing products represented a very substantial item in freight for the railroads. It operated a fine stock-farm, coal and clay mines, now abandoned. The former prosperous proprietor saw his legally created life's work and fortune publicly confiscated that the gangster and bootlegger might illegally succeed to his rights through the processes of this "noble experiment." Broken in health and spirits, we buried him last month, a fine, loyal citizen of the kind who built up the inland towns and helped make the country prosperous.

Few of the former smoke-stacks of the town are now left; out of them rises an infrequent and indifferent cloud. In the event of a town fire sometimes one has sufficient head of steam

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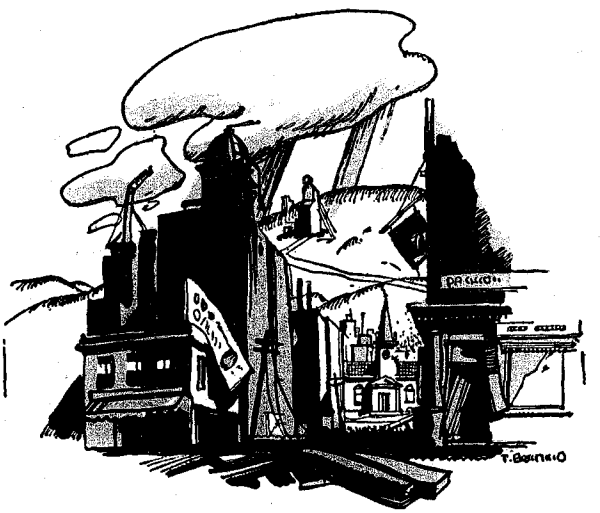
up to blow the whistle as notice to the electric power station to sound the siren, the official call for the "volunteer fire department."

II

Most of my active business life was spent in building up the things I now see wrecked. Having entered banking in the early days of the lumber village, when pine trees yet stood in the area now covered with homes and gardens, when stumps had not all been removed from the present business section, I had intimate contact with the growth and development of the town, and particularly with the purchase and development of the coal lands, the securing and building of additional railroads, and the growth of local industries.

I was born in the days of brass-toed boots, when it was a privilege for a farm boy to get three months at school and provide his own books by trading a sack of grain for enough silver to pay for them; when the outfit comprised a Brooks's arithmetic, Osgood's reader, and Mitchell's geography. I carried home a diploma from a notable business college at the age of seventeen and secured a position in a private country bank, and after a year's training I served as Treasurer for the pioneer James J. Hill when he came to the frontier to hold his celebrated Stock Show and plan for the building of his Great Northern system. Later I had a part in the opening up of the last of the unsettled Northwest, before settling down for the long pull.



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

Mention of these experiences is made merely to show how the United States' great wealth came from the interior through the work of Hill and others of his caliber. Wall Street did not dictate to nor control the men who made the United States the great country it became. It remains to be seen whether it can be successfully maintained and operated from Wall Street. The wealth and prosperity of the nation came from the coöperation of Wall Street with men of the interior — the Hills, Harrimans, and Hanleys. The recovery of that wealth and prosperity can come only from a return to that same coöperation from Wall Street. Can or will it be possible? And how? And when?

Let me give you the views of an old-fashioned country banker who began with nothing and will, so far as now appears, end with the same capital.

I can remember when work and rigid economy were the watchwords of every family; when a man's name meant something — good or bad — in the community; when a banker carried on the business for the benefit of the community in which he lived, using his bank for extending credit to his local merchants and the local industries to cover payrolls that were a continuous revolving fund for the up-building of his town and community. That is the kind of banker I got my training under. That was the way I operated and built a bank from an infinitesimal beginning to one of several millions, up to and through the World War.

When our country joined the Allies in the patriotic duty of making the world "safe for Democracy," it fell to me as Secretary of the Selective Service Board, to help raise the army, gratis, while our institution devoted its resources and energy to helping raise the money to pay the bills, also gratis. For the purpose of aiding in the raising of the vast sums required, the government expended fabulous amounts for propaganda to educate the common folks to invest their savings in Liberty bonds as a patriotic duty "to win the war." The thousands of country banks, enthusiastic in their patriotism, were a vital force in making these campaigns a success, and the war was won — at least it was ended.

III

Then something happened. Wall Street bankers saw the chance to benefit from the enormous sums spent by the government to educate the little people to buy Liberty bonds. They reasoned that since they had al-

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ready been educated at the expense of the government to buy government bonds to fight a war, it would be easy to trade them industrial, state, or municipal bonds at a higher rate, for their under-par Liberty bonds. They established schools for training the returning soldiers of the better class; they turned them out by the thousand to travel in the interior and furnished them with lists of Liberty bond holders to work upon. The scheme worked; the Treasury coöperated and retired the Government bonds at a discount. It was a good trade all around. Wall Street made money both ways; the investor got a better return; the Government profited; everybody was happy. Why not?

If that had been the end of the readjustments it would have been a fine and patriotic move on the part of Wall Street. But the bond houses had discovered a new "Comstock Lode" in the work of the trained expert salesmen who had opened a new "fissure" consisting of the savings accounts of the hundred and twenty millions of common folks scattered throughout the inland — wage-earners and employees who had, until then, known nothing of the charms of clipping coupons. They had been taught this, remember, at the expense of the Government, in the name of patriotism, and through publicity and propaganda paid for out of the tax levy patriotically paid into the public treasury by themselves.

The first campaign proved so successful and so profitable that the bond-houses wondered if the great investing public could not be persuaded to buy bonds of railroads, steel and utility companies, now that they had the states and municipalities well financed. The army of expert bond salesmen was doubled and trebled. The scheme succeeded beyond all anticipations. Railroads were refinanced. Short term notes at high rates gave way to long term low-rate bonds with handsome surplus for new equipment. The steel plants got orders faster than they could supply needs and suddenly things began to look up for business generally. And the bond houses! How they did prosper and multiply!

The expert bond salesmen were cultivating the country banker. His lists were needed and his coöperation. He must be induced to buy bonds for his bank's investment funds and he must help influence the local depositor to convert the old-fashioned cumbersome mortgages and judgments on which he must pay state, county, and local taxes, into the crisp, steel-engraved, gold-sealed bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange and carrying little coupons that required attention only to be clipped and cashed at the window.

The scheme worked. Farm and store and home mortgages and judgments were called and the funds reinvested in bonds. So well had the work of the expert salesman been done that the mere statement that his bonds were "listed" was sufficient guarantee that they were good. For a prospective customer to ask how they might be secured, even though listed, was merely evidence of ignorance and unworthy of discussion or reply. Even the local banker hesitated to expose his unfamiliarity with the inside workings of High Finance or raise a doubt of the sacredness of any security that bore the hallmark of the New York Stock Exchange, and so the bond-man's way was made easy; the local banker innocently oiled the slide that started the flow of funds to Wall Street.

How the bond houses did prosper and multiply! Wall Street could no longer hold them; branches were established in every city in the land. Inland town banks installed bond departments and joined in the big profits of refinancing Industry; home merchants and home industries, small of size and slow of action, were no longer worthy of the consideration justified by the quick profits and big deals of the bond business.

The bond-salesmen occupied more of the time of the local banker than did the customers of the bank; they sat together at lunch, played golf together at the country club, and when the banker had "important business" in New York or Chicago or Kalamazoo he was met there by the bond expert, showered with "courtesy cards" at the Finance Club or the Investors' Inn or the Athletic Club, or all of them. Ten-dollar baseball seats, eleven-dollar theater tickets, and likely fifty-dollar night club slips found their way into his vest pocket during dinner at the Astorbilt — merely return courtesies for the kindnesses received at the hands of the country banker, a sort of conscience-fund split on the fat commissions from the last bond sale to one of the banker's war-profit customers.

With the vast stream of easy money pouring

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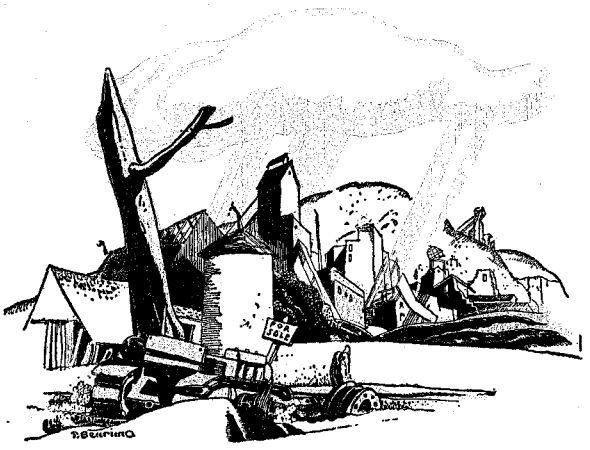
into Wall Street from the thousands of experts thus combing the interior country, business began to show signs of rapid expansion. Solicitation of the bond houses persuaded small manufacturers to expand and "modernize," through the simple process of issuing bonds to bring them the necessary capital. Bond houses stood waiting to absorb new bond and stock issues for two, three, or six times the prospective need — provided the bankers' commissions were sufficiently liberal and the bonus shares were properly distributed. The certified public accountants, the appraisal firms, and the lawyers prospered amazingly.

In many cases inland town factories could no longer compete and were taken over in exchange for bonds of the big companies to whom the local owners sold out. They placed these exultantly in their safety deposit boxes and retired to spend the winters in California or Florida — as long as the coupons could be cashed. The local plant was either closed or removed to the big parent company's industrial center and the workmen closed or sold their homes and followed — to accept a lower wage and excessive rents. The old home town began to slip. The payroll office at the bank became a coupon-clipping room. The grocer's business declined. The butcher and baker saw their trade disappear. The junk dealers increased, and their business prospered amazingly.

Wall Street's mass-manufacture and mass-retail system in the form of chain stores spread its tentacles into every street in every town and village in the land. They took the patronage of the home town folks, but escaped the local tax bills and the charity and hospital donations. Vacant store-rooms and houses multiplied. Incomes declined while expenses and taxes grew apace.

The old-time banker was no more. A new era had come and his experience and advice were no longer wanted. Only Wall Street now was competent to guide in the new kind of finance. Local real estate and mortgage loans were tabu and local firms of long standing were held askance, their credit line reduced or eliminated, and too often closed in bankruptcy. The local banker had been educated to keep his resources liquid by loaning only on listed bonds and stocks and investing his reserves only in listed bonds. And how the Wall Street bond houses did grow and prosper!



The officers of the local bank were charmed with the "new process" in banking and took great pride in "advising" their clients and filling stock exchange orders and loaning them money liberally to buy it with. But there was no money to loan for building a home or to improve the old ones, for there were already many empty ones and a growing list.

Just as the great manufacturing cities struggled to outdo each other in building the tallest skyscrapers and the most extravagant hotels, banks, union depots, schools, hospitals, and sanitariums, just so fast the inland towns and villages in every township, county, and state in the United States suffered decline, and in many cases substantially ruin.

But bonds were no longer so attractive, with their five or six per cent return, when stocks of the bigger companies showed much more in the way of dividends and fabulous profits in their ever-increasing upward march in the open market. The stock exchange house forged into the limelight and the orgy of stock gambling was on in real earnest, and it was everybody's game. Wall Street had accumulated such a hoard of gold that it could no longer be legitimately used at home. It could not be returned to its owners of the inland country, and so the international banker came to the rescue and participated in the profitable and pleasing job of refinancing the rest of the world. And how the international banker did prosper and multiply!

Billions upon billions were sent to Europe, South America, and elsewhere. So profitable was this kind of world-banking that millions on millions came back in the way of commissions. Even exorbitant graft was paid to prevail upon foreign countries to accept loans in order that the commission on the loan might

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not be lost to the Wall Street bankers. By this time the "expert" bond-salesmen had become super-expert, and these bonds were forced out into the interior through the local bankers and branch bond houses by the so-called "strong arm" method of salesmanship — and then both bonds and stocks began to sag in price and marketability. The interior had been drained of all its cash and all its credit too.

Desperate efforts were made by the united power of the government and Federal Reserve Banks and the big Wall Street houses to revive the apathy of the already drained-out public. But the paper house built on credit and without foundation toppled and fell.

IV

More than any other influence, the banker was responsible for the bond house, for the work of the bond house, and for the over-extension of credit generally, and the country banker cannot escape his share of it. But the big charge is upon the international bankers. Yet neither are they primarily to blame for the conditions that made it possible for them to wreck the world's business structure. We all know they did not intend to destroy but to build it up.

Fundamentally there is something wrong in a country that would offer the possibility for anyone or any party or combination to go so far as to disturb national or international affairs, either in finance or politics, to the extent of the demoralization that afflicts the world to-day. World war was the primary cause of our troubles, but if we had stayed out of Europe we would be prospering to-day — and so would Europe. It was our sudden acquisition of control of the world's finances, together with the lack of experience in dealing with it, that brought us to the brink of ruin — that and statesmanship, or rather the lack of it.

But now that we are in a wreck, how are we going to get out of it?

It was the hundred million people who live outside the great manufacturing centers who bought their output of machines and other products. They are also the ones who furnished the money to Wall Street, in exchange for bonds and stocks, that was sent to Europe and South America. Foreign folks got the money; Wall Street got the profits; America's common people got the bonds, which they are now unable to sell or trade for things they wish to have and cannot otherwise buy. For want of that buying power, the oversized industrial machine now lies idle.

The home-town folks will have to begin over again, rebuild or reopen their local shops and factories, local stores and local banks, and live together again as neighbors. They will have to trade with each other and get the local payrolls into operation again. Even the modern local banker would join with his customers in welcoming the sound of the factory whistle once more.

This is what happened to our inland town, and what I am guessing has happened to some extent to every other inland town, and how I think we shall have to go about getting out of it. As for me, I have no desire to apologize or criticize, for I have been as much a part of Wall Street as of the interior town and country. I am merely trying to show, from the standpoint of the old-time country banker, what happened to us, and how it came about.

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Let's Abandon the Gold Standard

by **SMITH W. BROOKHART**
United States Senator from Iowa

ACCORDING to the charts of Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, eminent statistician, we have had eight major depressions and eight cycles of inflation and depression in the past fifty years. Measurement of his graphs reveals scarcely thirty minutes of normal in the entire period, and now at the end of all our growth and development we find ourselves overwhelmed by the greatest bubble of inflation followed by the deepest and most persistent depression in all our history.

It is far from my purpose to charge all this calamity to the delinquency of the gold standard, but it has utterly failed to protect us, and I do think it is a substantial part among the causes of our troubles. Questions concerning it have been asked by the economists in scientific terms for a long time, and now they are being asked by the ordinary business man, the farmer, and the laborer. Is the gold standard a stable standard? Is it an honest standard? Did it give us prosperity? Did it drive us into our present and unyielding state of depression? Did it cause those former cycles of inflation and depression?

The bankers are still afraid to answer directly, although eight thousand banks have failed in spite of the protecting power of the gold standard and under the paternal care of the Federal Reserve System. And the statesmen talk in confidential terms only in the cloak rooms. The public is thus left to figure out its own conclusions. These conclusions are now coming with resounding force from every direction. They reached me a year ago with such emphasis that I decided to give them intensive study and answer them to my own satisfaction and, if possible, for the service of my constituency. My final answer is the bill which I shall describe in this article — a bill read in the Senate last December and referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Not World-Wide; Not Caused by War

As I said, I do not claim the gold standard to be the only cause of our great depression, nor do I hold that its correction alone would restore prosperity. But neither do I believe that the depression is world-wide and that it was caused by the war. The Soviet Union is in the highest state of prosperity in all Russian history. Its 160 million people now have something to eat, and everyone has a job. There is no unemployment and no depression. Russia's prosperity is slackened by outside conditions, but it moves on irresistibly.

As for the war — when it began we were a debtor nation, owing other countries several billion dollars. In a little while we paid them all from war profits. After we entered the war the government levied taxes on other war profits and finally collected enough to lend more than 10 billion dollars to other countries; private industry and banking loaned even more — according to some estimates 15 or 16 billion dollars more. Meanwhile our national debt was paid down to 16 billion dollars. When all is totaled up we profited from the war. The foreign loans contributed to the causes of the depression, but they were not part of the war itself.

I find the causes of the depression at home — mainly in the laws of the Congress, assisted to some extent by state laws. Our annual national income in the prosperous years after the war was about 90 billion dollars. This was about $750 for each man, woman, and child, or $3750 for each family of five. In 1931 the national income was about 60 billion, or $500 for each individual and $2500 for each family of five. Now this is enough income, even in

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1931, to cure any depression and make everybody prosperous, *if it were properly distributed.* But most of it went to a few, less than 500,000, and as a result 7 million were turned out of work, and 12 million farmers were driven to the verge of bankruptcy with low prices for farm products. It was the unequal and unjust distribution that caused our trouble.

One of the causes of this maldistribution was the inflated gold standard which lowered commodity prices, raised interest rates, and oppressed all debtors.

Gold itself is a commodity. Like all commodities, it changes in value under the economic law of supply and demand or under the effect of civil laws that promote, restrict, modify, enlarge, or diminish its uses. When 25.8 grains of gold 90 per cent fine are arbitrarily selected by law as the gold standard dollar, that dollar can be stable only if its value does not change in relation to other commodities, and it can be honest only if governments or economic combinations are powerless to corrupt or manipulate its value.

The gold dollar does not meet either of these requirements. It always fluctuates in value with every change in production. If the production is low, the value is high; and that arbitrarily lowers the price level of all other commodities which must be measured in this inflated standard. At the same time the burden of all debts is increased in like proportion. We are under the weight of this burden at the present moment. In the general run of commodities, debts are double what they were a few years ago. This is directly due to what I call the dishonesty of the gold standard.

The National Annual Wealth Increase

The foregoing is what I call the gross income picture. Now let me present the net income picture.

In a long series of years the net income of all capital in the United States has been less than 4% per year. In other words, after the unequal distribution of gross income for living expenses, operating expenses, and waste of competition, we have left for distribution in net income or net wealth only about 4% each year. Of course if labor, invention, genius, and management received their due share, capital would not have a 4% increase, but that figure may be taken as typical, if not fair.

But even this 4% is not equally distributed. Under the laws of the Congress we have turned the railroads loose to fight for 5¾% and upon more than 7 billion dollars of inflated value. This is more than 9% upon an honest value. Our banking laws, state and national, give a monopoly of the deposit business of the country to the banking systems. They have raised interest rates and taken even greater tolls than the railroads.

Above this credit plan we created the Federal Reserve System with a board appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Its avowed purpose was to mobilize the credit reserves of the country for legitimate business and cut out the cancer of speculation. In fact it deflated agriculture, produced the greatest panic in farm prices, and became the principal cause of the agricultural depression. It knocked agriculture down in 1920 and has kept it down ever since, but at the same time it promoted our greatest bubble of stock speculation.

Then we have our tariff laws which have provoked world-wide retaliation and destroyed our foreign markets, while American capital has gone into foreign countries and built factories to compete with American labor.

Lastly, I want to mention the corporation laws, mostly of the states, under which the great combinations are formed. These corporations are creatures of the law, and their very existence is a gigantic special privilege given them by the law. They start in the states but come into interstate commerce where Congress has control under the Federal Constitution; yet Congress has never said one word to them about the profits they shall charge our people for the special privilege of being corporations and operating in interstate commerce. The result is that they gather up nearly all the wealth increase of our country.

1/360 Billionth of the National Wealth

I have specifically mentioned these evils caused by various laws because I do not claim that they can be corrected by a stabilization of the money standard. On the other hand, I do claim that there cannot be a complete recovery and permanent relief from the cycles of inflation and depression without a stabilization of the money standard.

The national wealth itself should be the basis of the money standard. It is unfair to select any

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one commodity, or two for that matter, and give them a monopoly of the business of being the money standard. The naming of gold or of gold and silver together as the exclusive standards for money at once surrounds them with artificial attributes and gives them a fiat value. Fiat value in any substantial proportion makes a money standard unsound. The only answer is to use the whole national wealth.

The next thing to do is to decide what fraction of the national wealth shall be the dollar unit. In preparing my bill I did not want to start with any violent change from the present gold standard value, so I selected the National Industrial Conference Board estimate for 1928, which is 360 billion dollars. This made the dollar unit 1/360 billionth of the national wealth and placed the date at July 1, 1931. A later estimate shows the national wealth reduced to 329 billion in 1930, so that the fraction I have used is a slight inflation over present depression values, or rather a deflation of the dollar to that extent.

The next question is — if the dollar is 1/360 billionth of the national wealth on July 1, 1931, what should it be on July 1, 1932? As I have stated, our national wealth increase is about 4% a year. Therefore the denominator of this fraction must be increased by 4% each year, and on July 1, 1932, the dollar would be 1/374 billionth of the national wealth. When the census estimates are completed, the fraction would be corrected to correspond.

How would the present issues be replaced with new money? Simply call them in and redeem them with a new issue of legal tender treasury notes, promising to pay this progressive fraction of the national wealth; the new issues would start with all the additional security and support of the present money issues and continue upon the same terms.

How would this new money be redeemed? In gold or silver or any other of the 550 commodities used by the Labor Department in its index of commodity values at the market price in the market where the redemption is demanded and without other expense to the government. I also see no objection to real estate redemption upon the same terms, but that is not in the bill. Everybody would know his dollar would be worth that fraction of the whole national wealth and that it would be redeemed in gold or silver at their market value and not at any arbitrary value or ratio, or likewise redeemed in any of the other commodities at a like market value. There could be no corner of the redeeming commodities, as the United States and France now have gold cornered.

How would the government get the commodities for redemption purposes? By taxing power just as it gets gold for redemption.

Would this fraction of the national wealth standard fluctuate as the gold standard does now? This is perhaps the most important question of all, and unless such fluctuation can be controlled the change from the gold standard might not be worth while.

We all know that if 100 billion dollars of treasury notes were now issued as legal tender for debts, there would be great depreciation and an abnormal rise in all commodity prices. If a smaller amount were issued, the effect would be the same in a proportionate degree. In fact, we might issue enough to pay the whole national debt without undue inflation of prices. My bill therefore directs the Treasury to issue enough of this new money in payment of government obligations to restore the price ratio of 1926, and thereafter to keep this ratio constant as near as possible.

The 1926 ratio is regarded by many economists as near to normal, and that is probably true as to commodities in general, but it is still a discrimination as to agriculture. Therefore, the stabilization of the money standard alone will not restore business in general. If to this we could add a set-up that would give agriculture a cost of production price for its products, its restored buying power would start many wheels of industry, which, in turn, would restore the buying power of the unemployed, and that would start other wheels and put us on the road to a sound prosperity and not in a cycle of inflation and depression. This can never happen while any one commodity has a monopoly as the money standard.

Let me finally observe that if in addition we could abolish the competitive system of business, fix a coöperative wage for capital as we do for men, save the enormous waste of competition, and increase the forces of production, we could just as well have a 6 % instead of a 4% increase in our wealth production, and a coöperative distribution which would make prosperity constant.

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Kangaroo Courts

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Drawing by James Daugherty

***by* JOSEPH F. FISHMAN and VEE T. PERLMAN**

If you ever go to jail in these United States, it is best to favor the hospitality of one of our largest cities. For in many of our county jails there exists a strange and cruel, extra-legal procedure kept from the public by a special silence for special reasons.

This procedure is definite, organized, most often is in the hands of the most vicious characters in the jail; and it is usually carried on with the consent and even support and encouragement of the sheriff or jailer in charge. Its brutalities are likely to hit hardest the newcomer, the "fresh fish," who, once caught in the law's net, has no choice but to be eaten — that is, beaten, burned, shorn of his possessions, and otherwise tormented — by his comrades. The coming of fresh fish, however, does not necessarily spare the older supply. A man arrives in jail from his encounter with the law either to await trial, or if convicted to await sentence, or if merely held as a witness to await someone else's trial, or to serve sentence, but in any case thinking he is through with courts for the time being, only to discover that judgment after judgment, carrying punishments from which he has no appeal, may be visited on him by his fellow inmates during his incarceration.

It is a racket, far older in this country than those so widely publicized on the outside. Indeed, its family tree stems from the earliest lock-ups in America. Long ago its branches spread from coast to coast, and daily in hundreds of our county jails it carries on its tribute-exacting practices. It is the venerable but still vigorous forerunner of all our rackets and racketeers, yet you will not find a word about it in encyclopedia or dictionary. But the prisoners have a word for it. It is the seldom-mentioned Kangaroo Court.

The Court in Session

If you want to get a line on the Kangaroo's activities, do not look to novel, newspaper, or movie. Go, invisibly of course, to some of our county jails. Take Missouri. Let's drop in on a typical one there. The population of this jail to-day is nineteen and is composed of males, both white and colored, old and young, hardened and impressionable, diseased and healthy. Thirteen or fourteen of this miscellaneous group are lounging about the corridor between the double row of cells in the "cage." Some are sitting on the steel floor playing cards with a dirty, much-used deck. One is writing a letter using a magazine for

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support, no other facility being available, and there being no light in the cells. One or two are kibitzing the card players. One moody one sits on an inverted bucket and stares. One silly one leans against the bars and grins.

Suddenly there are sounds of footsteps outside the "cage" and the key turns in the door. Instantly complete silence wipes out the comments, chuckles, shiftings, and sporadic whistling. Motion congeals into pose. Everyone listens. The smallest occurrence in jail is a tremendously exciting event in the monotonous lives of the prisoners.

Some of them stare at the barred door where two figures appear. The door opens, the sheriff's voice says as he gives a none too gentle push to the person with him, "Go on in there. Yuh take cell number five." The door closes and locks. The sheriff's footsteps are heard going away. Inside the cage, looking about him with resentful curiosity, stands a youth of about eighteen, a bit short and stockily built, with thick, dark, somewhat rumpled hair, dark eyes, and a rather angry, sullen expression. "Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" The murmur passes quickly from mouth to mouth. Several men come from their cells, yawning and rubbing their eyes. "Fresh fish" are the words which first form themselves, in some cases unuttered, on their lips.

The sheriff's footsteps are no longer heard. "Buzzer" Rogers lays down his cards, gives his henchmen a significant look, and rises to his feet. Rogers is the self-appointed judge of the Kangaroo Court, self-appointed by his ability to lick any other inmate. He goes over to the boy.

"Hello there," he says.

"Hello," replies the boy.

"Got any jack?"

"What's it to you?"

Rogers' mouth draws to one side. "Oh-h, nuthin'."

Rogers turns back to the expectant group. "Think this fish has got some dough," he tells them. "Better get the court together, Scissors," he adds. Whereupon Scissors walks up and down calling out, "Oyez, oyez, oyez, draw near all ye havin' business with de court. De Kangaroo is now in session!" Two more prisoners come out of their cells and join the group. Says Judge Rogers, "Sheriff, bring in the prisoner." The sheriff detaches himself from the group, saunters over to the newcomer, and says, "Come along, bo, you're under arrest."

"Whatcha doin' — kiddin' me?" asks the boy as he moves reluctantly along with the other.

"Nope, de Kangaroo wants to see you."

"Kangaroo?" The boy's tone conveys his bewilderment.

"Jeez! You sure *are* fresh fish." They reach the group, which now forms a semi-circle facing the judge. He has appropriated the inverted bucket for his judicial bench. The sheriff and his prisoner take their places in front of him. "His Honor" addresses the latter:

"You're charged with breaking into jail. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Huh? What?" Obviously this fish doesn't know he's a sucker.

The others laugh. This promises to be good sport. One speaks up in a falsetto: "Your Honor, may I make bold to suggest that the prisoner needs a mouthpiece to tell him whether he is guilty or not."

The judge appears to ponder this. "Do you want a lawyer to defend you?" he asks the boy.

"What the hell is all this?" responds the boy hotly. "What good's a lawyer now?"

Judge Rogers doesn't reply to the queries of the accused. He fixes a sharp eye on one of the men in the semi-circle and with a significant wink, says: "Scrapper, I appoint you mouthpiece to defend this fish." Chuckles and hoarse laughter from the group. The boy stares at the new figure, a big, rough-looking man with a stupid face, as he steps forward to the judge.

"Your Honor," he addresses the bench slowly, and with evident enjoyment of each word, "I'd like a few minutes tuh talk tuh dis fish. Dey's some legal points dat's got to be thunk out." More chuckles. His Honor, to the loud amusement of the spectators, suddenly projects a fist out of his coat sleeve and looks at an imaginary wrist watch.

"I'll give you just two minutes."

"C'mon over here, kid," says Scrapper, taking the boy by the arm, and the latter, more puzzled than ever, walks with him a few feet away from the others.

Scrapper talks in an undertone, and with as kindly a manner as he can muster: "Now yuh take my a'vice, see, an' everyt'ing'll be jake. Yuh cop a plea, see?"

"Cop a plea — cop a plea? What in . . . ?"

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"Yeah, cop a plea. Plead guilty." The boy starts to shake his head. "Aw, lissen to me. If yuh know wot's good for yuh, yuh'll do jes wot I tell yuh. Yuh cop a plea."

"Well, what'll happen if I do?"

"Nuttin'," says the other, shrugging reassuringly, "nuttin' *a*-tall. C'mon now."

"O. K."

They stand before the judge. Says Scrapper, "I talk it over wit' my client, yer Honor, an' he cops a plea."

Judge Rogers picks an old pulp magazine from the floor and thumbs the make-believe penal code carefully for several minutes as if he were looking for a particular law. This display of comedy on the part of the "beak" goes over big with the spectators. Finally he is about to pronounce sentence. He clears his throat with emphasis and then declares: "I fine the defendant two bucks and four bits. Sheriff, collect the fine."

Scissors again approaches the boy. "Kick in, youse, wid two bucks and a half."

"Aw go on," replies the boy, bewildered.

Scrapper quickly interposes: "Hand over de jack, kid, and quit jawin'!"

"Like hell I will!"

Bing! Scrapper gives him a terrific blow on the chin. The boy reels. Howling and yelling, the erstwhile playful mob closes in. Six of those nearest to the target, including the august judge who has left his bench and his dignity, pinion the boy's arms and beat and kick him unmercifully even though he is down on the floor, breathless, his clothes torn, his thick hair a jungle, both eyes closed. At no moment does he have a chance with these "easy money men." Perhaps next time he'll be in a better mood to come across.

Finally the spree subsides. The sheriff goes rapidly through the newcomer's torn clothing. He brings forth fifteen dollars. He extracts exactly two dollars and a half and replaces the rest, a procedure demanded by the jail's rules. They shove the half-conscious body of the boy out of their way and settle down to the joyful discussion of what they shall buy with their hard-earned wealth. During all the scuffle and shouting not once has their real jailer put in an appearance. Perhaps they know they are safe from his interference with "fresh fish," or perhaps he is miles away on his own private and non-jail business.

Thug Justice

Now from Missouri let's drop in on Kentucky. Practically any jail here too would do. In this representative one forty prisoners are confined to-day. Among them are the usual quota of "bindle stiffs," or professional hoboes; two or three young men netted in a bootlegging raid; a wife-beater; some "guns"; a "moll-buzzer"; two "petermen" caught red-handed trying to rob the post office in the near-by town of Linton; a young bank clerk charged with embezzlement; a "torch," or professional incendiary; an installment house collector who had forgotten that he was collecting for his employer; the usual miscellany of jail habitués; and "Postage Stamps" Dugan, so called because rumor had it that he had once bribed a "harness bull" with five hundred dollars' worth of postage stamps he had stolen.

We have put "Postage Stamps" in a class by himself. He has earned it. Wherever "swell mobs" congregate and the social and artistic life of crookdom are discussed, Dugan's name, if it does not exactly lead all the rest, is at least treated with a consideration and deference which indicate that he holds a secure niche in the Underworld Hall of Fame. His life has been one long saturnalia of crime, with numerous prison sentences from which he either escaped or was released on parole. In one fight with the police he was shot in the leg, resulting in a painful limp and a particularly nasty temper, even for him.

There was no Kangaroo Court in the jail when Dugan arrived. There had been one a month or so before, but a term of the county court had so reduced the jail population that the Kangaroo had died of anæmia. At present, however, the population is rising again, and as Dugan studies the various types in the jail, particularly the two clerks, and as he contemplates the long days ahead until the next term of the county court, the idea of a Kangaroo and the sport and profit to be derived therefrom interest him keenly.

Now the bank clerk and the installment collector are undoubtedly the most intelligent of the inmates. The others range in sense, fairness, and amiability from the three bootlegging young men down to Dugan, who is undoubtedly the most vicious and cruel and the least fitted of any to dispense justice. But naturally

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it is Dugan who is the hero and dominating figure of the jail — and it is he who is made judge of the court.

It is known that the mother of Nelson, the young bank clerk, keeps him fairly well supplied with money. Each day, Old Murphy, who has the jail commissary privilege, comes in with his load of pies and cakes, sardines, preserves, and other articles, which if not exactly luxuries in themselves are looked upon as akin to nectar and ambrosia by the inmates without money, who live upon a continuous diet of jail "slum." Nelson cannot endure the jail food and buys something each day.

So, in spite of the fact that Nelson obeys the rules carefully, he now finds that he is continually violating them. His cell is not clean, he has been seen spitting on the floor, he has left the shower on and all the hot water has run away, his bed has not been made properly, he has even snored and kept the others awake. Every day or two he is hailed before the Kangaroo Court and Judge "Postage Stamps" with a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you look, assesses the offender a dollar or two and admonishes him with what "Postage Stamps" considers a kindly manner, to go and sin no more. But only the next day Nelson finds that he was too polite to the "Screw," although he could swear that he has not addressed two words to the keeper since he has been in. Old Murphy's smile increases in breadth. The boys are buying right lively now.

But Nelson, while green, is neither stupid nor a coward. Gradually he comprehends what it is all about. He waits expectantly for the next trial. Soon "Heavy" Byers, one of the yeggs who is an associate of His Honor, Judge "Stamps," announces to the Court that it pains him to report the fact, but "jooty is jooty" and such being the case, young Nelson has been seen throwing a crust of bread on the floor, against the peace and dignity of the jail and contrary to the form of the statutes in such case made and provided.

"Well, what have you got to say?" inquires His Honor gruffly.

Nelson says nothing. He swings a vicious right to the jaw of Mr. Byers, who makes a feeble effort to swing back, but, groggy, ends by flopping suddenly on the floor. Judge "Stamps" retires to his chambers to look up certain decisions and precedents. In the end he decides to create his own precedent and, calling his two officers into conference, makes it plain that the dignity of the court must be upheld at all hazards. They agree with him, particularly Mr. Byers.

Nelson has been in jail long enough to be familiar with its atmosphere of selfishness, suspicion, and cruelty, and he realizes that from now on he will have to be on his guard. So that night, after brooding on various possible outcomes of his non-acquiescent behavior, he falls into an uneasy sleep. Hours pass. Suddenly a shriek so fearful that it brings even the jailer on the run rends the quiet of the place and arouses every inmate. Nelson cannot repress his anguished groans. And when the jailer turns on the lights he sees that part of Nelson's foot and three toes are a mass of burns. On the floor lies a half-burned taper made of newspaper which had been stuck between the young man's toes while he slept, and which still gives smoldering evidence of what a prisoner may expect when he defies a Kangaroo Court. A note pinned to his blanket reads, "More coming — Kangaroo."

So Nelson is on the spot. Now watch the suspense under which he lives: his vigilant attitude during the day, his maddening encounters with Byers's significant leers, his agonizing efforts to fight sleep at night, his troubled dozings with frenzied starts to wakefulness, and his realization that only a few minutes have passed and the long dangerous night still stretches before him. His eyes soon show dark circles, he becomes thin, his nerves are jumpy, and his appetite diminishes so much that even Old Murphy's mince pies fail to interest him. For the time being he is not molested, but he lives with the thought that he may be at any minute. An appeal to the jailer simply brings an "Aw, fergit it; wyncha obey the rules?"

Meanwhile Dugan watches him. Dugan's source of financial supply is gone and he has no more relish for the jail "slum" than the rest of them. He notes one day how Nelson jumps and lets out a startled exclamation when a heavy granite-ware dish is accidentally dropped. The next morning Mr. Byers reports to his Honor that Mr. Nelson has violated all the canons of decency and good taste by smiling to the "Screw" and saying "Good-morning, sir," and that it isn't necessary to take his uncorroborated statement, as his pal from Linton wit-

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nessed the entire occurrence. Whereupon his pal assures Judge "Stamps" that he "hoid him wid his own ears say 'Good Mornin', sir,' and dat dem was de very woids." His Honor goes into deep thought and finally announces that, much as he regrets it, he must fine the defendant three dollars.

Nelson hesitates. Will he ever regain his self-respect or will he be a cowardly cur the rest of his life? If he pays now, he will have to pay almost daily. It isn't right, he won't. . . . Mechanically he steps forward and his hands clench until his knuckles turn white. He stares at the cruel faces in front of him. With a partly suppressed sob he takes three dollars from his pocket, and hands them over to Judge Dugan, who grins knowingly to the two officers of the Kangaroo Court. Another broken spirit, and broken spirits are what a racket lives on.

Torture for Fun

"Well," perhaps you say, "Nelson shouldn't have got into jail and then such things wouldn't happen to him." But not very smart, we retort, for society to pay for jails that only degrade and brutalize their inmates so that when they get out they commit worse offenses against that society which again pays to jail and maintain them so that when they get out, *et cetera*, in a crazy dance that ever widens its vicious sweep. Also, in this particular instance remember that Nelson has not been convicted of crime, but is merely waiting to be tried. Many thousands of persons are put into jail each year for months and even years awaiting trial who are subsequently found to be innocent.

Next let's go to Arizona. As we enter one of its characteristically filthy jails we hear gutteral cries: "Soak, him, Red!" "Attaboy!" "Wow, dat was a good one!" The jailer orders less noise, and there is a temporary diminution of sound. We see in the dim light of the jail cage a ring of excited men. Their faces, many of them dissipated and naturally cruel, are brutish now with sadistic pleasure. Thirty-five pairs of glittering eyes are watching with gloating amusement a panting, perspiring, grunting figure on its hands and knees trying desperately to complete the circle of the jail's inner corridor. The strap applied to the panting figure by "Red" swishes through the air. The excited cries swell again in volume. But there is a sudden hush of disappointment as the victim finally reaches his goal and sinks on his side with a gasp of relief. The fun is over for the time being.

And as far as the present offender is concerned the Kangaroo Court functions entirely for pleasure. In almost every jail there is one weak character who is the butt of practical jokes and cruel diversions. If such a person cannot provide money, he can at least provide sport, and there seems to be no sport which appeals to idle and non-entertained men more than tormenting a defenseless fellow man. On the outside, lynching is a parallel diversion. "Chinny," so dubbed because of his habit of mumbling to himself, is in on a charge of deserting his wife. As he is a poor, old, weak half-wit he is the ideal victim. And if he had half of his senses when he came to jail, he has almost none left now, for his fellow prisoners through the medium of the Kangaroo Court have tormented him beyond endurance.

He was once brought before the Court charged with sleeping with his mouth open and as a punishment was compelled to hop around the jail twice on one foot, an exhausting task for a tired, worn-out man. Once when he put his foot down a prisoner following him for the purpose jabbed him promptly with a nail as a gentle reminder that the mandates of the court should be respected. Then there was fine sport when he was sentenced to swallow a certain amount of chewing tobacco, which of course made him terribly ill, the humor of the entertainment being heightened by his ghastly efforts to show that he knew it was all a good joke. A rat had been tied in his bed (there are plenty of them in this jail as in many such institutions) and when "Chinny" yelled, upon being bitten, he was tried for disturbing the peace and sentenced to circle the jail cage on his hands and knees while being paddled, as we saw when we entered the cage. This proved great fun, since he had fallen over twice during the journey and had had difficulty in getting started again, notwithstanding much free advice from his helpful audience.

So the day following this affair "Chinny" gladly tells his lawyer that he wishes to plead guilty. (This means being sent to the reformatory or prison at once, while if he stands trial he may have to wait several weeks more.) His lawyer assures him that he can show plenty of

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justification for "Chinny's" deserting his wife and that he has no doubt that he can "beat the rap." But "Chinny," mumbling more than ever, prefers to plead guilty. So the lawyer, who has been assigned by the court and knows that there is little money in the case, shrugs his shoulders and asks himself why he should worry if the poor simp wants it that way.

These are no isolated occurrences. There are between 3500 and 3600 county jails in the United States, and in about seventy-five per cent of these the Kangaroo Court holds its sessions under a thick blanket of silence. The Court's thug justice is especially prevalent in the south, the middle west, and the southwest; notably, in Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, Indiana, Missouri, and California. And it hands out its decrees, without ever a Holmes or Brandeis dissent, to a greater or lesser extent in many other states.

The distinctions between the Kangaroo and outside rackets are several. In the first place, on the outside an emissary of the Big Noise simply pays you a call, suggests curtly that you need protection or whatnot, and that you're going to get it at the rate of so much per month or week. Not so curtly or crudely is the thing handled within the leisurely walls of our compulsory hospices. Plenty of time is found there for the form, the decorum, and the elaborate procedure which we witnessed.

A second difference is found in the jail racket with sport as its object. This, we believe, is a distinct and spiritual improvement over the mere absorption with material gain which alone inspires the unimprisoned racketeer.

Third, outside we hear much of how the long arms of the racketeers reach to the higher-ups, bribing as they go. Such delinquency is unheard-of in the jails. Both sheriffs and prisoners, we believe, are without blemish on that score. For the following reasons, it seems that the necessity of bribing the sheriff in order to run a Kangaroo Court has never arisen.

The Kangaroo Court is ordinarily a feature of the smaller county jails, and usually does not exist in other types of prison — houses of correction, penitentiaries, and so on — because of the difference in structure and administration. In the average large prison each inmate has a cell to himself, and prisoners do not congregate except in the yard at recreation time and in the shops during working hours, during both of which periods they are under the close supervision of guards. In the average small county jail, however, the prisoners can intermingle at all times. The average county jail has from five to fifty prisoners, the population dropping after a term of court and gradually rising again until the next term. The sheriff is usually in charge and, if the population is large, running say between thirty and fifty, he often employs a jailer to help him.

But whether he employs a jailer or not, the sheriff always has, in addition to responsibility for the jail, various other duties such as foreclosing mortgages, selling confiscated property, seeing lawyers about fees, and serving legal papers. Also in many instances, probably in by far a large majority, the sheriff is engaged in farming or some other outside business. So quite naturally for him, having a salary from the county as sheriff which he receives regardless, he devotes as much time as he possibly can to his outside interests in order to augment his income. Not that this is made necessary by the slightness of his salary; he makes about as much as other men in his station of life. It is simply that a sheriff is likely to welcome anything which lightens the burden of jail administration which is his by virtue of his office. This means that in this country in many jails there are long periods both in the day and night when no officer is present inside the building. And the prisoners are, as we said, thrown in the closest kind of contact at all times.

It is almost impossible to get prisoners to admit that a "Kangaroo" exists in the jail where they are confined. If you press them, they may concede that they have heard of the Court, but they rarely acknowledge that it exists in the institution where they happen to be. We have visited over a thousand jails, many of them time and time again, during the past twenty-two years, and talked to thousands of prisoners, but not more than a hundred at most would confess that they had ever even heard of a Kangaroo Court, and in not more than forty or fifty instances did prisoners admit that it existed in the institution where they were at the time. In numerous instances the prisoners' own condition — black eyes, bruised and swollen features — belied his denial of the

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Court, and since he had already been in jail for weeks his having been beaten while resisting arrest was out of the question.

However, *once they are out of jail*, the entire situation changes. Released from the clutch of the inmate inquisition, many of the victims have no hesitancy in discoursing in detail on the Court and its specific treatment of them and others. Literally hundreds of ex-prisoners have thus, in response to questioning, divulged the existence and workings of the Kangaroo. While in, they, like our merchants and others who refuse to inform or testify against gunmen chiselers, simply fear to talk lest they receive worse punishment.

Prisoner and ex-prisoner evidence, however, would be open to question were it not that in spite of the sheriffs' spontaneous silence on the subject and natural reluctance to lay claim to the animal, it is possible, if one knows how to go about it, to get them to speak of the Kangaroo, admit they have one, and even boast about it. This cannot be done easily or offhand. A special technique is required, because sheriffs and their assistants immediately suspect you of hostility if you so much as mention the Court.

However, after certain maneuvering and strategy, sometimes with the help of present or past prisoner information, the sheriffs will talk; and once started, they are likely to discuss the system at length. It is from them that our great body of information comes.

The Sheriffs' Story

A sheriff who admits that the Kangaroo Court exists in his institution will invariably uphold it on the ground that it assists materially in maintaining discipline, order, and cleanliness. In support of this he will point to the typewritten or printed list of rules it enforces such as keeping cells clean, no spitting on the floor, turning off the hot water spigot immediately after use, the exact amount of money which may be assessed as fines, and others. The list is his visible justification.

He does not mention that a square deal is unheard of; no matter how ridiculous or unwarranted the charge, the accused is always convicted. He does not mention that the penalties are bounded only by the imaginations of men who are there because they are anti-social. He does not mention that the court is self-appointed, that it practically always is composed of the toughest and most vicious characters in the place, and that there are no appeals from its decisions. He does not mention that so far as the Court is concerned it operates usually to grab for itself lucre, loot, or laughter, at the expense of any inmate it can pick on.

When one calls the sheriffs' attention to the likelihood of the worst prisoners dominating the Kangaroo Court, and the abuses resulting from such a condition, these officials almost without exception reply virtuously that they keep a close check on the actions of the Court and intercede when abuses creep in. If the sheriff is honest in his contention, he means only that he attempts to check matters when they have gone too far according to his lights *when he is there*, but as we have pointed out, many jails are without any officer for long stretches of time. Since there are no adequate checks or supervision, the Kangaroo Court furnishes no parallel with self- or student government as some sheriffs would like to claim.

So the Kangaroo Court exists nominally to maintain order and discipline in the jail — in reality the sheriff's job — and since the Court easily accomplishes this as part of its sadistic revels, we find sheriffs in most cases viewing with great actual though not public approval the formation of Kangaroo Courts within their institutions. However, whether the sheriff's outside affairs are the real reason for his relinquishment of his responsibility to maintain discipline in the jail or whether he is incompetent to keep order is a moot question among prison people who know of the workings of the Kangaroo Court. In fact, the very origin of the Kangaroo Court, shadowy as it is, is supposed to lie in the ancient inability of British keepers to keep order without it. In other words, it seems to be an old English custom which has persisted in American jails since their beginning. A report of the American Prison Association in 1920 mentions Kangaroo Courts. It says in part:

> Its persistence is thought, by experts, to be a proof of the incapacity of the authorities to govern as their duty requires and as one more evidence that the crowding of offenders and suspects, of all grades, in one hall, gives power of tyranny to the basest bullies of the herd.

It has been said that if the sheriffs were

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given a sufficient number of guards or turnkeys, they would have no need to delegate their authority to those who might abuse it. However, so complacent has become the esoteric management of county jails toward this extra-legal procedure that a different frame of mind rather than mere number of personnel seems essential. For in some jails it is not uncommon for the guard or sheriff to be present, unprotesting, at some cruel and unjustified performance of the Kangaroo Court. In a jail in Illinois a jailer entered a prisoner's cell and beat him unmercifully because he had refused to obey the Court. Certainly it is only on the rarest occasions that a prisoner successfully defies the Court. Such an instance occurred in another Illinois jail. A fake surveyor who cashed fake checks happened to be the "fresh fish." He happened also to be larger and stronger than any of his new playfellows, and what was still luckier (no doubt he had served time before), he seemed to know what was coming, for he took the offensive as the word "fish" slipped from the prisoners' lips, knocked out one, and cowed the gang so effectively that they let him alone.

Likewise an occasional repercussion from the doings of the Kangaroo Court does sometimes break through the silence which muffles it. Some time ago, for instance, a Texas newspaper reported that in a local institution a jail officer had intervened just in time to prevent the Court officials and spectators from hanging a fellow prisoner with his own belt. If the jailer hadn't intervened in time, it would doubtless have been just another inmate suicide.

There are two difficulties in the way of obliterating this extra-legal underworld managing, with the sanction of the peace officer in charge, of the occupants of our county jails. One lies in the sinister silence shrouding it. For since it is confined to county jails, not only the public and general public officials, but the majority of experienced prison people, including some of those in charge of jails particularly in those regions where the Court is not general, have never even heard of its existence. This is quite natural since the experience of most prison administrators is limited customarily to the institution with which they are connected, or in some instances to one or two more, usually in the same state; and most public officials likewise have never visited, much less studied, institutions outside of their bailiwick. So incredulous eyebrows are apt to be lifted when the Kangaroo Court is mentioned. And if it is insisted on, officials believe their attitude proved correct when they or some subordinate go and ask the sheriff whether he allows a Kangaroo Court in his jail and he says no. They not only do not know the Kangaroo exists but they have no suspicion of what it requires to get officers or prisoners to admit it. And so this foreign-born marsupial, carrying in its pouch the young racket, continues to demonstrate the force of threats and terror.

The second difficulty in dealing with the Kangaroo lies in the sheriffs' secret encouragement of the system and the knotty business it is to disprove their denials of its existence. However, something could be accomplished by the creation within each state of some central bureau, a Department of Correction or Board of Control, which has the power of inspection and of compelling a sheriff to discontinue the Kangaroo Court. At present there are less than a dozen states which have such machinery. Ordinarily general conditions improve greatly under such organization. But how much they improve in regard to the Kangaroo depends often on a special quality of the inspection service, since even where this service is good in other respects, it is possible for the Court to flourish quietly under the very eye of state officials. Not very long ago this was found to be the case in an eastern state having an unusually interested and understanding state commissioner with a jail inspection service. One of the writers made a survey of all the jails in his state at his request, and found that although the state officials believed that the Kangaroo Court had been completely abolished, it actually was carrying on in at least two-thirds of their jails.

There is sardonic irony in hardened criminals establishing an imitation of legal procedure with court officials, prosecuting and defense attorneys, and severe penalties — the very social process against which the criminal is most bitter. But it seems to us there is still sharper irony in the fact that wherever the cry of "Fresh fish!" is heard, criminals incarcerated as a deterrent to crime are being encouraged by their custodians to learn and practice extortion and many other forms of utterly lawless brutality.

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Political Showmen

by **ALVA JOHNSTON**

POLITICAL showmanship is the art of placing a candidate in the best light before those who can help him obtain public office. It is not solely the art of impressing the voters. The problem in showmanship that faced Franklin D. Roosevelt was a triple one: that of convincing Tammany Hall that he was benevolent, of convincing the Democratic bosses in other states that he was safe and reliable, and of convincing the public that he was fearless.

Political showmanship is not often the chief factor in determining a nomination or an election. Character and luck are more important than showmanship. If the better showman always won, Bryan would have been three times President. There is an advantage, however, in favor of the man who understands the construction of political melodrama, who can foresee the reactions of the national audience, and who can time his climaxes.

To do nothing at all may be effective political showmanship. This principle was demonstrated by Woodrow Wilson in the middle of the campaign of 1912 after Roosevelt had been shot. To T. R. a bullet in the lining of the lung was a trifle; he delivered a long speech immediately after being wounded. The country was swept by a wave of admiration for his pluck. His bitterest journalistic enemy presented him in a stirring cartoon entitled "A Dead Game Sport." The bullet threatened to elect Roosevelt. But at the critical moment Wilson announced in noble phrases that he had canceled his speaking campaign; he could not engage in electioneering while a gallant gentleman lay stricken. Colonel House in his "Private Papers" sets this forth as a stroke of showmanship which he directed; Joseph P. Tumulty asserts that he invented the coup; other memoir-writing credit-snatchers insist that the applause is due to them. But they all agree that the pretty gesture of Wilson on this occasion was a calculated trick of showmanship.

There are few good showmen. They are scarce in the amusement world, in business, in politics, or anywhere else. It is a rare genius that can read the public mind or foretell the course of public thought. The motion picture magnates, for instance, were almost unanimous in 1926 in predicting the failure of the talking picture. Most of the great pontiffs of fashion have ruined themselves in the last few years by erroneous guesses as to the future of styles in dress for women. Some of the leading political prophets believed that 1932 would be a great year for demagogy; but public taste seems to run toward conservatism.

The ordinary attention-catching tricks are boomerangs in Presidential politics. Voters delight in electing low-comedy types as Mayors, Congressmen, and Senators, but the political clown is seldom appreciated outside of his own city or state. New York has had Mayors Hylan and Walker, and loved them; but New York cannot understand how Chicago ever put up with Bill Thompson or how Louisiana stands for Huey Long.

Qualities which aid a man among the home people may hurt him nationally. The rise of James Hamilton Lewis, for instance, was expedited in Illinois by the eccentric elegance of his dress and whiskers. Lewis is a man of ability. The tale of his climb from longshoreman to Senator is more stirring than the life story of any of his rivals. But the country would never allow in the White House a man whose whiskers have been a national jest for more than forty years, and for Lewis to shave at this day would be a greater apostasy than for Al Smith to turn Protestant. Dawes's underslung pipe, his "Hell and Maria," and his "Melody in A Major" for the violin are sufficient to turn the nation against him, in spite of great abilities and services. "Alfalfa" Bill Murray has profited in Oklahoma from his nickname and from his habit of wearing two

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pair of trousers at the same time, and standing on his head and arguing about religion; but these things undermine him in most of the other forty-seven states. Because New Yorkers learned to admire Al Smith for his greatness of heart and intellect, they learned to admire his brown derby, his rusty growl, his New York-isms, and his bluff and blunt conversation; but outside of New York these things are almost as damaging as his religious heresy.

The Magnanimous Democrats

Self-control and the ability to avoid flaming indiscretions are essential to political showmanship. If Pulitzer prizes were awarded for political showmanship, one would be due the Democratic leaders of Congress for their comparative forbearance toward President Hoover. They have generally avoided the temptation to heap unmeasured abuse on him and have avoided the appearance of gloating over the panic. The bitterest attacks on the President have been made by Republicans.

The Democratic leaders have learned a lesson since 1924 when they extinguished their faint chance of victory by excessive showmanship. Senator Walsh of Montana did perfect work in his exposure of the great Harding oil scandals; but the effect was destroyed because Senator Wheeler of Montana held a madhouse investigation in which he stunned the country with the folk lore of Gaston B. Means and other strange witnesses. The public, gorged with scandal and unable to discriminate the true exposures from the false, dismissed the whole subject, and the Democrats gained no advantage from the appalling scandals of the Harding Administration.

No man has suffered more than Herbert Hoover from misguided showmanship. With his well-earned reputation for great services during and after the war, he might have gained the Presidency in 1920, occupied the White House with general applause through eight bonanza years, and lived happily ever after. He lost that chance because he did not understand American politics. In 1920 Frank I. Cobb, the great editorial writer of the time, declared in the then leading Democratic newspaper of the country, the New York *World*, for the nomination of Herbert Hoover by both parties. The crisis demanded, Cobb argued, that Republicans and Democrats forget politics and put the demi-god in the White House. Cobb's pen started a brisk two-party Hoover-for-President movement, and Hoover gave evidence of believing that Cobb's idea was sound. He parried the efforts of interviewers to discover whether he was a Republican or Democrat. At one time it appeared that the Democrats had captured him. Hoover ceased to be a member of the National Republican Club in New York; he entered, in Michigan, the race for the Democratic nomination for President. In the end, however, the Republican leaders won him over.

But Hoover had delayed too long in discovering that he was infatuated with the principles of the G. O. P.; it had become too late to organize a serious movement to nominate him. His fundamental error in showmanship in this case was his failure to understand that the Presidential campaign was the great national sport classic and that any project to cancel this competition was as wild as a scheme to induce the American people to abandon bridge or baseball. It was as if Tex Rickard had offered tickets to the public at $50 apiece to see Jack Dempsey alone in the ring, on the theory that Dempsey towered so far above his rivals that it would be more satisfying to see him shadow-box than to see him cuff an opponent.

In the adversities of the last three years, however, the showmanship of a Julius Cæsar, a Mohammed, or a Louis XIV would have availed little to the occupant of the White House. The powerful forces that rage in American politics to-day are not to be affected by pathetic publicity stunts like that of entertaining a lad at the White House for surviving a blizzard, dandling an infant on the rear platform of the Presidential special, or making the White House a national Condolence Office with a full line of telegrams of tribute and lamentation for the passing of the great and the small.

Franklin D. Roosevelt has indicated that he is a master of the science of selling Franklin D. Roosevelt to the country. For many years his showmanship consisted of plastering the continent with personal letters. After his fearful defeat in 1920 as the running mate of Cox, he reëstablished himself by carrying on a stupendous personal correspondence with persons in key political positions. His great political battle cries have been "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly."

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As Governor of New York State, Roosevelt reached the heights of showmanship with his public-officers-public-acts letter of 1930. In an investigation of the traffic in judgeships, nearly all the Tammany leaders and important city officials in New York were asked to appear before the grand jury. With few exceptions, they declined to waive immunity. Their conduct had the appearance of a conspiracy to block inquiry into the great ermine-peddling business. Silence at this time might have ruined Roosevelt by estranging opponents of corruption; a burst of righteous wrath might have ruined him by estranging Tammany. Roosevelt met the emergency with his master stroke, a stern, peremptory, and ringing letter to Mayor Walker, demanding that "public officers" testify about their "public acts."

Now, the purchase and sale of judgeships, however, are private transactions. There is as yet no public market in New York for the sale of judicial positions. Taking the hint from Governor Roosevelt, the immunity-loving officials wrote letters offering to testify about their public acts, but not about their private acts. The Governor's resounding message received applause from both sides. The foes of good government praised its sense; the friends of good government praised its sound. Roosevelt's phrase was a perfect *double entendre*, meaning one thing to the politically innocent and meaning something entirely different to the politically depraved.

Roosevelt's skill in placating both sides in this affair approached that of the late Adlai E. Stevenson in meeting the Tacoma-Rainier crisis. Touring a section of the northwest in his vice-Presidential special in 1888, Stevenson found that the paramount issue of the campaign was whether the mountain peak which dominated the landscape should be named Tacoma or Rainier. At some stops the citizens were pro-Tacoma; at others they were pro-Rainier. It was impossible to avoid the issue. With the assistance of the engineer, Stevenson arranged a showmanly device. In every speech in the region he made his peroration on the beauty of the mountain. He referred to the controversy over its name. "This controversy," he continued, "must be settled and settled right by the national government. I pledge myself, here and now, that if elected I will not rest until this glorious mountain is properly named. There is only one appellation which is worthy of consideration and that . . ." Here he pulled a cord which the engineer had secretly installed; his voice was drowned by the scream of a whistle and the blast of steam, and the train pulled out of the station. The sentence was never completed, and nobody ever learned where Stevenson stood in the Tacoma-Rainier controversy, just as nobody has ever learned where Roosevelt stood on the battle of Tammany against decent government.

Bryan, the Master Showman

No other man in our time had Bryan's talent for inventing a crisis or making a scene. For intellectual content his Cross of Gold speech would not hold its own to-day beside a Broadway peddler's oration on a pair of reversible suspenders, but he could scream empty nothings with a matchless fervency and timeliness. He switched the Democratic convention from Champ Clark to Wilson in 1912 by choosing the right second for roaring at the New York delegation, "You cannot rule us with your Ryans; you cannot buy us with your Belmonts." With one sentence he squelched the movement for a light-wine-and-beer plank in the Democratic platform in 1920. Enticing a wet into asking whom he represented, the Commoner roared, "I represent the women and children of America whom your vile traffic would slay." Of all the candidates who have promised the moon to the farmers, Bryan alone was able to convince them that he could deliver it.

At the opposite end of the showmanship scale is Elihu Root who, though probably the brainiest American of his time, remained a secondary figure politically because of his ignorance of showmanship. President Roosevelt once said that he would walk a mile on his hands and knees to put Root in the White House. But there is a sensitiveness, a haughtiness, an æsthetic daintiness about Root which made it impossible for him to stoop to seek popular favor. He retired from public life in 1916 because he would not seek reëlection to the United States Senate under a law which required the election of Senators by popular vote.

Theodore Roosevelt made the press of the country his slave, his beast of burden. The fastidious Root would not or could not use the

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press. The most ineffective gesture of his brilliant career was a feeble protest which he made against the Wilson policy toward Russia. Root had been sent with a colleague to Russia to survey conditions under the Kerensky régime with the object of aiding Kerensky to maintain his power. A report was made. Wilson pigeonholed it. Root grieved silently for months. He finally poured out his heart on the subject in a confidential speech to a welfare organization on New York's east side. After a further delay of a few days, he consented to the publication of his speech. By that time Root's complaint had no value except as a reminiscence. If he had understood showmanship, he might have compelled action in support of Kerensky; but an offhand speech to a small east-side group was not enough to veto the Bolshevik revolution.

Another of the poorest showmen of the time was Charles Evans Hughes. He was not, like Elihu Root, a shrinking violet, quivering at the thought of using electioneering arts on the rabble. Hughes was willing, for instance, in his campaign of 1916 to seek the miners' vote by descending shafts, donning a miner's garb, and being photographed like a startled Jehovah in oilskins. He obtained the Republican nomination in 1916 by a coy act of showmanship. The Republican nominee in that year had to be an ardent advocate of preparedness; the position of Hughes on this issue was unknown; as a member of the United States Supreme Court he refused to discuss political matters publicly or privately. Just before the Republican national convention, however, he made an address before the graduating class of a finishing school which his daughter was attending; he thundered at those innocent little pusses a terrific harangue in favor of preparedness; he got the nomination.

As a campaign orator, Hughes lacked geniality, although he was not the austere and frigid personality commonly pictured. Correspondents who toured the country with him in 1916 say that he was nearly elected by a heavy cold. Rock-and-rye was prescribed; Hughes took the treatment in mild doses. While the cold lasted, audiences were electrified, not only by the intellectual power, but by the warm human sympathy of the man. As soon as the cold improved, the candidate refused medication; audiences continued to be impressed by elemental force, but found no magnetism.

The main factor in the defeat of Hughes, however, was the slogan, "He kept us out of war." In the last few weeks of the campaign this glorious battle cry drowned out every other sound. Scores have claimed the credit for inventing that slogan, the most effective in American political history; it was the sort of cry, however, that springs up spontaneously. The Republicans used "The Full Dinner Pail" with showmanly genius in 1900; even Bryan could not shout it down. In 1884 Cleveland profited by two famous phrases, one coined by a friend, the other by an enemy. The first was "We love him for the enemies he has made," and the other was the famous break of the Reverend Daniel Burchard, who called the Democrats the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It is difficult at this day to understand how a preposterous old dominie who headed a young ladies' seminary could commit an indiscretion great enough to swing a national election; it was the most important feat of its kind since the cackling of the geese saved Rome.

Political Camouflage

Mayor Walker is a man of wit and talent who has developed an almost hypnotic mastery over New York audiences, but he is too frivolous and cocksure to be a perfect showman. The *faux pas* of the 1928 campaign was Walker's offhand declaration that he "hoped to God" that Al Smith, if elected, would "take orders from the Pope." When the Seabury bombshells began to explode close to him, Walker attempted two showmanly diversions, both of which failed. The first was his trip to California to argue the Mooney case, which had the inevitable effect of exciting resentment throughout California. It did Walker no good and it may have cost Mooney his liberty. The second grand gesture intended to make the public forget the Seabury revelations was the New York Beer Parade, a pathetic spectacle, which is generally conceded to have been the greatest dry argument in years.

The most shocking example of bad showmanship in the current campaign was the use by Smith and Roosevelt of the same ghost-writer on the tariff. Professor Rogers of Columbia University penned a tariff argument for both

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candidates. Smith appropriated one passage of the Rogers text and used it as his own; Roosevelt spouted the same passage as an original Roosevelt thought. Both candidates were trapped and considerably embarrassed by the proof that both had used the same "pony" in preparing their speeches. However, it is a tradition of American politics that Presidents and candidates for the Presidency should never know anything about the tariff. Economics was the one field into which the otherwise universal genius of Theodore Roosevelt never strayed. The tariff pronouncements uttered by Woodrow Wilson in 1912 were written for him by David F. Houston, according to Colonel House. But it was a crime against showmanship for political adversaries like Smith and Roosevelt to patronize the same oracle.

The problem in showmanship which faces the Republicans this fall is the reverse of that which faced the party four years ago. The Republican campaign of 1928 was the prosperity circus. Hoover and the other Republican speakers taught the country that the political party in power was responsible for economic conditions. To-day the task of the Republicans is to teach the country that the political party in power is *not* responsible for economic conditions. No American political party was ever before so fearfully embarrassed by its immediate past. However, the Democrats cannot win solely by quoting foolish passages from the Hoover speeches of four years ago. It would be suicidal showmanship for the Democrats to revel in the country's plight because it promises partisan advantage.

Portrait

I

This was her fault: that she should speak too clearly
The candid shapings of her quiet mind;
That she should carve the marble phrase too nearly
The image of her thought; that she should find
No mystery in speech, no desperate striving,
But only words obedient as bees,
As forest-bees that know the time of hiving
And fly together to the honey-trees.

Not ever had she leaned with fumbling net
To catch the little colored fish that darted,
Silver and gold and amethyst and jet,
About a troubled pool; nor, heavy-hearted,
Seined up the spent, and lost the lovely rest—
The fleet, the beautiful, the unexpressed!

II

This was her sorrow: that she comprehended
Only the broad sun and the truthful day.
Time ceased for her that hour the light was ended
And the dusk fell, and children stopped their play.
When, in the West, the shadows were assembled
She could not walk unfaltering any more;
A blindness came upon her, so she trembled
And went into her house and shut the door.

Never for her the headlong, laughing flight
Down any path the moon's eye might discover;
Never for her to walk the windy night,
Hand in his hand who might have been her lover.
In dark she stumbled. So she kept her room.
This was her sorrow and became her doom.

—Phyllis McGinley

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The League To-day

The Revenge of the Irreconcilables

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

I

MODERN parliamentary history has known no struggle equal in bitterness with that which accompanied the attempt to secure ratification of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States Senate. For at least nine months the country swayed with the fortunes of the opposing sides, while the rest of the nations looked on in a sort of agonized fascination. Men everywhere believed that matters of universal and lasting import were at stake — the permanent peace for which ten million men had died, the protection of small states against the rapacity of their armed neighbors, the substitution of a world of mutual aid for a world of fratricidal strife. Passions reached as high a pitch as in the days of the war, and when the struggle culminated in the rejection of the treaty there were tens of millions, both in this country and abroad, who were convinced that the Senators who had brought such an unexpected decision to pass had sinned against light.

Even now, as we look back across these thirteen years to the titanic struggle of those emotion-surcharged days, it seems incredible that the Irreconcilables — as the little group of Senators who led the fight on the treaty will always be remembered — should have dared to oppose the demand for ratification, and still more incredible that they should have succeeded. They faced, at the beginning, an overwhelming weight of public sentiment, marshaled and led by the most masterful President (with the possible exception of Andrew Jackson) who ever sat in the White House. They faced that President at the consummation of his career. For more than two years he had wielded the despotic powers which come to an American executive in war-time. Entering that period as the spokesman of his nation, he had come out of it the spokesman of the political ideals of almost all mankind. He had gone to Europe, where he had been greeted with a homage never known by any other mortal. He had come back from Europe with this treaty. And in this treaty the opening articles — the clauses bringing into being the League of Nations and bestowing upon it, in a covenant, its constitution — were his especial handiwork. They were the fruits for which he held that all the suffering had been a price worth paying.

At the beginning it is doubtful whether either side expected the bitter-end fight that developed. When Woodrow Wilson returned from Paris for the first time, with the tentative draft of the League Covenant in his possession, he was in no intractable mood. There is no reason to believe that the famous dinner to the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which he gave at the White House on February 26, 1919, was other than what it was declared to be — an attempt by the President to satisfy the committee concerning the worth of the Covenant and, in the event of disagreement, to discover what amendments would remove committee opposition. Neither is there reason to believe that the resolution spread on the record of the Senate six days later by 39 Senators, declaring the Covenant unsatisfactory and calling for conclusion of peace with Germany prior to the formation of the League, was inspired by any belief that such a course would, in effect, prevent the League's establishment. Both the antagonists entered the contest expecting to make concessions. The President believed that certain amendments would have to be granted; the Irreconcilables believed that, after they had exacted as many such as they could, the treaty would be ratified.

But as the contest took form, both sides

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settled into an unbending and implacable hostility. The Irreconcilables chose articles 10 and 11 of the Covenant as their main point of attack, for the most part building their public argument on the supposed surrender of national sovereignty those articles involved. The President, beginning with a belief that to "dissect out" of the treaty the articles of the Covenant would kill the hope of setting up the League (he had been dealing with Clemenceau by that time long enough to have lost most of his illusions), came to regard article 10 as "the heart of the Covenant," and narrowed the contest down, in the main, to a question as to whether that article should be ratified as written. "Without it (article 10) the League," said the President in a statement made public just as the fight was to open on the Senate floor, "would be hardly more than an influential debating society."

Woodrow Wilson entered the fight convinced of two things. He was convinced that the future effectiveness of the League, the supreme creation of his life, hung on article 10. And he was convinced that the underlying purpose of most of the Senators who opposed ratification was not patriotic but partisan — a determination to bring down in ruin this administration that had gained such a new eminence in world affairs, and to cast a shadow across his own place in history.

Of the fury of the battle which ensued, this is not the place to write. The President personally submitted the Treaty of Versailles to the Senate on July 10, 1919, asking prompt ratification. The Committee on Foreign Relations, which was by that time in the hands of his opponents, commenced a rear-guard action, opening hearings on July 31 and dragging them out through 37 days of sittings until September 12. The treaty finally came on the Senate floor on September 10; it remained there, an item of regular business and endless speech-making, until November 19. In the midst of the debate the President sensed that the tide of public opinion was beginning to run against him. He appealed to the country, making that tragic 9500-mile trip on which he made 37 addresses in 18 days and from which he was brought back to Washington a helpless, dying man. The Senate, on November 19, refused to ratify the treaty by a vote of 55 to 39. At its next session it again returned to the struggle, and attached a reservation to article 10. The President, declaring that "this cuts at the very heart and life of the Covenant itself," let his impending veto be known. On March 19, 1920, the struggle ended with a vote which lacked seven of the number necessary to ratify, even with the reservation attached to the treaty.

II

So much for the bare historical skeleton. Now let us look with more care at the core of this whole controversy. And in the light of what is discovered there, and of what has happened in the years that have followed the struggle, let us raise the question as to whether the Senators who defeated the treaty were justified in their opposition. I believe that they were.

I have no illusions as to the extent and passion of the disagreement that, even yet, will be registered against such a verdict. Seldom have men been more widely held guilty of moral obliquity than were the Senators who defeated the attempt to make the United States a charter member of the League of Nations. The reasons for that widespread and still persisting condemnation are not difficult to understand.

For one thing, these Senators were fighting Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Wilson had the historic ability of the Scotch Covenanter to regard his opponents as children of darkness, and to fight them on that plane. In saying this, I am not even hinting at any lack of sincerity on his part. As a matter of fact, it was the depth of his conviction that there must of necessity be something morally wrong with any person who opposed his views that accounted for the bitterness with which he infused the struggle. The speeches which the President made in that last desperate swing around the circle were an invitation to the people of the United States to see their chosen representative, having in the formation of the League gained the ends for which the war had been fought, as now beset by a swarm of evil men who, out of low motives, were intent on destroying the precious hopes of mankind. That was the way in which Mr. Wilson came to regard the issue, and that is the way in which hosts of his followers still think of it.

Again, the "moral" organizations and the "leading citizens" were overwhelmingly in favor of ratification. Church bodies of every

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kind rained resolutions of support for the treaty on Washington. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America called on all Protestant churches to demand ratification; as the Senate came near to its final vote a specially formed church body with the imposing title of the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War appealed for a general mail and telegraphic onslaught. Most of all, this "respectable" sentiment was mobilized by that now almost forgotten but then potent organization, the League to Enforce Peace. The enormous propaganda carried on by this body carried the names of William Howard Taft as president, A. Lawrence Lowell as chairman, Herbert S. Houston as treasurer, and George W. Wickersham, Vance McCormick, Cleveland H. Dodge, and Oscar S. Straus as members of the finance committee. Massed respectability!

In the third place, and probably more importantly, there was the widespread belief of the public that the treaty represented victory. What had the war been fought for, if not to win this very document? Here was abject and crushing defeat for Germany; here was an instrument avowedly for the safeguarding of the rights of weak states; here was a way of insuring peace, and thus of demonstrating that it *had* been a "war to end war." And if, as in moments of reflection it sometimes seemed, there was a strange lack of similarity between the actual provision of the treaty and the Fourteen Points of the war days, was not this new League designed to achieve in the course of years all the ends that could not be immediately won while the wounds and rancours of the fighting days remained fresh?

These were the reasons that, in the main, induced millions of Americans to regard the Irreconcilables as the evil antagonists of a new and better world order. And let it be admitted at once that there was a considerable measure of truth in some of these charges. The League did represent the President's spoil of victory — not a complete or perfect victory, to be sure, but probably the best that could have been won under the circumstances of 1919. The political and ecclesiastical leaders who declared in favor of the League as it stood did represent a preponderance of moral weight over those who opposed. And a considerable part of the opposition to ratification in the Senate was largely motivated by petty spite or narrow-gauge partisanship.

But, true as these things are, they do not tell all the story. There was a genuine core of patriotic opposition to ratification, finding its leadership in Senators like Knox, Borah, Norris, and LaFollette, who conducted their fight from the loftiest of motives. And it was these men, the true Irreconcilables, who really made the ultimate outcome possible. Without the leadership of these men, the opposition to President Wilson's integrated and relentlessly pushed proposal would finally have degenerated into nothing more than petty parliamentary bushwhacking, and would have been defeated. But these men — and particularly Knox and Borah — found in the Covenant of the League what they conceived to be a pernicious and unworkable theory of international action. Their opposition accordingly became, philosophically as well as in terms of immediate procedure, as integrated and relentless as was the President's support. The President himself gave the final precipitation to their opposition when he proclaimed article 10 "the heart of the Covenant." If this provision which they had come to suspect and to fear was indeed the heart of the whole matter, then they were assured that the fight for which they were girding was supremely worth the making.

III

Article 10 stands in the League Covenant under the title, "Guaranties Against Aggression." It is one of the shortest articles in the covenant, its full provisions reading:

> The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

Coupled with this in the forebodings of the Irreconcilables was the next article, "Action in Case of War or Threat of War," which declared "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not" a "matter of concern to the whole League," and pledged the League, as a whole, to "take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations."

In essence, the Irreconcilables held that these

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two articles rested upon a theory of preserving world peace which would prove unworkable in practice and was unconstitutional in so far as the United States was concerned. These articles brought into being exactly what the organization headed by Mr. Taft and President Lowell had been agitating for — a league to *enforce* peace — but they depended upon a method of enforcement which the Irreconcilables declared was unsound in theory and illegal in its relation to the American Constitution.

The constitutional argument swung, of course, on the reservation to Congress of the power to declare war. Under the Covenant of the League (taking into consideration article 16 as well as those quoted) it seemed clear to the opposing Senators that the armed forces of the United States would be at the disposal of an outside body, when that body felt disciplinary action necessary against a recalcitrant nation. The question of the use of armed forces without Congressional authorization had been forced to the front by the sending of expeditions to Archangel and Siberia — two military adventures whose causes and justification remain to this day shrouded in mystery. The Irreconcilables held it an invasion of American sovereignty and a further weakening of constitutional safeguards to join a body in which the nation would be pledged to assist in "preserving" the "territorial integrity" of others by "any action" voted by the council, which, under article 16, should have the right to "recommend . . . what effective military, naval or air force the members of the League shall severally contribute . . . to protect the covenants of the League."

Mr. Wilson sought to meet this attack by distinguishing between a "moral" and a "legal" obligation. "The Council of the League," he pointed out, "can only 'advise upon' the means by which the obligations of that great article (article 10) are to be given effect to. . . . And the unanimous vote of the Council is only advice in any case. Each government is free to reject it if it pleases. . . . That engagement constitutes a very grave and solemn moral obligation. But it is a moral, not a legal, obligation, and leaves our Congress absolutely free to put its own interpretation upon it in all cases that call for action." Yet the President, for all this, had undoubtedly sought, in drawing up the Covenant, to mobilize an overwhelming international military force which could be used by the League to put the fear of God into an offender. "It will be absolutely necessary," he had said in the days before the actual treaty writing began, "that a force be created as a guarantor of the permanency of the settlement so much greater than the force of any nation now engaged, or any alliance hitherto formed or projected, that no nation, no probable combination, could face or withstand it."

In the eyes of the Irreconcilables, the argument of the President either proved too much or too little. If it was "the heart of the Covenant" to be able to bring overwhelming force to bear against a nation, then to argue that the members of the League could refrain from doing this at their own discretion was to rob the threat of disciplinary action of most of its terrors. Either the member states would enter the League believing the "moral" obligations sufficiently binding to make the threatened sanction (a sugar-coated diplomatic word for punishments) actual, or they would go in with their fingers crossed, and the whole thing was a farce anyway. The Irreconcilables preferred to believe that the nations were sincere in their effort to mobilize actual force in overwhelming measure for actual use against an offender. Such a procedure, however, they held involved an invasion of the war-making provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

The other main thesis in the argument of the Irreconcilables was more general in its application and, in the light of developments, seems more important in its bearing on the preservation of world peace. After all, the Constitution of the United States is not sufficiently sacrosanct to require that all methods of bringing about a better international order shall conform to it. It is at least conceivable that, before a lasting organization of world peace can be achieved, there will have to be granted by all the nations important invasions of the previously maintained rights of national sovereignty, and the American Constitution may be one of the documents that will require amendment in that process. But it was argued by the Irreconcilables that, altogether without reference to the control of the armed forces of this nation, the system of enforcing peace envisaged in articles 10, 11, and 16 of the League Covenant simply would not work in practice.

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That system, in its essence, was simply this: In the event that any nation or group of nations jumped the limits of the international reservation laid down by the Treaty of Versailles, the League could take various courses (specified in other articles) to hold up fighting for three months, during which every effort should be made to secure a settlement. But if no settlement were secured, then article 16, with all its list of horrendous penalties, would automatically come rumbling into action. The other members of the League would "undertake immediately" to come down on the offender with "severance of all trade or financial relations," "prohibition of all intercourse," "prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse." And if this did not prove sufficient, then the Council was to "recommend" to the various members what "effective military, naval or air" forces to throw into action, and the members would be pledged to back each other up all the way down the line, including "steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces . . . which are coöperating to protect the covenants of the League."

In the actual debate, curiously little reference was made to these specific engagements in article 16. But the Irreconcilables seized upon the assertion that no nation could be expected to allow such use of its forces, or such control of its trade, unless those acts happened to be in accord with its own immediate interests. Conceivably, this ponderous machinery of punishment might work against a small state, in a case where there was no conflict of interest between the great powers. But in the case of first-class powers, the dangers involved would force them, in the case of a major crisis, to find some loophole by which to escape from discharging their obligations. Senator Borah summed up the Irreconcilable belief just before the vote was taken in the Senate. Pointing out the extent of the obligations assumed under the punitive articles of the covenant, he declared, "There is only one reviewing power, and that is for the separate nations simply to disregard the matter, and thereby practically break up and destroy the League."

IV

It is almost thirteen years since Senator Borah made that prophecy. Woodrow Wilson has gone. Most of the others who held the floor during those hectic days — Knox, La-Follette, Brandegee, Harding, Lodge — have gone as well. But the League has lived. It has lived and, despite many a distressing experience, it has grown in power. The Covenant is not precisely the same document to-day that the Senate voted on. There are provisions for the judicial settlement of disputes that were not there in the days when war-shocked minds were obsessed with the idea of "enforcing" peace. The small nations have found a forum in the Assembly which is of incalculable value to them in laying their cases before the public opinion of mankind. It is, alas, too true, that the influence of the League wavers up and down with the wavering attitude toward it of the dominant European powers. A Labor government in Britain, heart and soul in favor of working through the League, has made Geneva for a few weeks a genuine world capital. A conservative government in France, interested most of all in development of the French system of continental alliances, has made Geneva a resort for third secretaries of minor departments and faded diplomats temporarily out of other jobs. But candid study of the period as a whole shows the chart of the League's importance to be a rising line.

Within the last few years, however, there has come into the field of international relations a proposed method for dealing with threats to peace which is radically different from that on which the League Covenant was founded. This is not a new organization; not a new set of rules of procedure. It is simply an idea, worded as a pledge, and embodied in a treaty which has now been signed by practically all the civilized nations. The Pact of Paris, more familiarly known as the Briand-Kellogg Pact, is, whether the world has so recognized it or not, an American alternative to the sanctions articles of the Covenant. And while history will attach to the pact the names of two statesmen who had little to do with the propagation of the idea which that document embodies, it is not without meaning to discover that the first United States Senator to become interested in that idea was Senator Knox, and the Senator who became its champion through its early years of development was Senator Borah.

The idea contained in the Pact of Paris is a simple one. It delegalizes resort to war by

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means of a general pledge on the part of the nations to settle all future international disputes "of whatever nature" by pacific means. It does not specify what those means shall be; it does not lay out in advance any method of procedure to be followed or any penalties to be inflicted in case the pledge is not kept. It merely makes this basic, inclusive pledge — and leaves it to the nations to devise what methods of action they please when the crisis arises. Provided, of course, that these methods do not themselves transgress the pledge against resort to force. The supporters of the Pact look toward a day when all international disputes will be handled by resort to a court for some sort of legal decision. But, pending the time when that will come to be fixed international procedure, they are sure that some method of accommodation can always be worked out, provided that all parties know that, whatever is or is not done, there will be no fighting.

It was on September 21, 1931, that the League of Nations awoke to find its first test in dealing with a major war waiting on its doorstep. The test took the form of a cablegram from Dr. C. T. Wang, minister of foreign affairs of China, stating that on the night of the eighteenth Japanese troops, previously acting as guards along the line of the South Manchurian railway, had seized the city of Mukden, its arsenal, and all its other public buildings, had driven out both garrison and civil officers, and were now in military possession not only of that city but of at least four other large cities in the province of Manchuria. Would the League kindly turn to article 11 of the Covenant, and get busy?

The Chinese, in making this appeal, supposed that they could rely not only on the provisions of the Covenant, but on at least one important precedent — that set by the Council when it dealt with the Greco-Bulgarian rumpus in 1924. At that time the Council, with Japan among those present, voted that no plea of self-defense can be made an excuse for an invasion of territory or for a refusal to follow the methods of peaceful settlement laid down by the Covenant, and that the first thing to do in case of an incident threatening war is to have the invading troops withdrawn and a neutral inquiry held to ascertain the facts. This, from the Chinese standpoint, seemed a perfect method of approach to the Manchurian trouble, and they confidently called on the League to put it into effect.

But there is a difference between telling a treaty-disarmed Bulgaria and a thoroughly whipped Greece to withdraw their armies and behave themselves, and trying the same treatment on a Power with an army and navy like Japan's — as the League found out after it had dispatched its first note, a resolution immediately adopted asking both sides to withdraw their troops to the positions held before September 18. Japan was in no mood for withdrawing and did not withdraw. Instead, her delegate at Geneva, while giving vague assurances concerning the future, began to talk of obligations which China must assume before any withdrawal of the Japanese troops could take place. And the Chinese delegate soon began to discover that while almost everybody at Geneva was willing to agree, privately, that the Covenant was on his side, and precedent was on his side, and the preponderance of merit in this particular dispute was on his side, nobody had any concrete suggestions to offer.

Thereupon Japan, likewise perceiving that there was no danger of the Council doing anything drastic, dropped all assurances of withdrawal and finally came out openly with five specific groups of issues which must be settled by direct dealing with China before anything else could be considered. The last of these groups sought to give unquestioned legality to the long disputed Manchurian portions of the notorious Twenty-One Demands of 1915. China's only possible reply to this was another attempt to find some clause in the Covenant under which the powers controlling the League might be induced to act. But the attempt was fruitless. As the strongly pro-League *Manchester Guardian* put it, "The leading members of the Council intimated to the Chinese that if article 10 or 16 were invoked they might 'wash their hands in despair of the whole matter' — in plain English, 'welsh' on their treaty obligations."

This state of affairs, with the Council resorting to notes and resolutions of obvious futility while resolutely steering away from any form of action which might involve the stern sanctions of the Covenant, continued until Manchuria had been swept clear of Chinese troops and administrators. It reached its climax at the turn of the year when, it being reported that

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China was about to summon another session of the Council to force a showdown on League inaction, Great Britain and France let it be known that they would not attend any meeting called before the regular session, which was not due to meet until the close of January. Or, as the *Manchester Guardian* observed, they let it be known that "a state menaced by aggression in the future will know that not only may the Great Powers interpret their Covenant obligations in such a way as to refuse to take any action, but they may even refuse to come to the Council meeting if the victim of aggression tries to exercise its undoubted right . . . to summon the Council immediately."

V

THIS WAS the pitiable state to which the Covenant scheme for protecting the "territorial integrity and political independence" of the member states of the League had been reduced by the opening of the present year. Then, suddenly, a new face was put upon the case. A formula was thrust into the world arena that proposed a way of dealing with the situation which did not involve the probability of resort to war, and the smaller nations in the Assembly were able to use this new formula to break through the embargo on action set up by the dominant states on the Council, and so to bring the League to something at last approximating genuine — if not military — action.

What was this formula? It was contained in the note sent Japan by Secretary Stimson on January 7, and was regarded by him as a logical deduction from the Pact of Paris. The United States had, from the first outbreak of trouble in Manchuria, insisted on the applicability of the Pact, as well as of the Nine-Power Treaty, to the case. An American representative had even sat with the Council while the Pact was solemnly invoked, in one of the attempts that was made at Geneva to bring Japan to terms. But when Japan showed that she cared as little for the Pact as she had for the Covenant, the American Secretary of State went ahead to announce a new principle of international law on the initiative of the United States alone, although the other nations were invited to follow his action.

According to the Stimson note to Japan, that nation was reminded that it had pledged itself to abjure war "as an instrument of national policy." Then, without entering into a technical argument as to whether the incidents by which Japanese control had been set up over Manchuria constituted war or not, the United States declared that it would refuse "to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris." Since it was obvious that, whatever the Japanese course in Manchuria might be called, it had not been confined to the "pacific means" pledged in the Pact, this was equivalent to serving notice that the United States considered all Japanese titles in Manchuria, secured after September 18, 1931, clouded.

Here, to the smaller states in the League — the states that saw their own defenses being swept away by the failure of the Covenant sanctions to protect China — came a shaft of light in the encircling gloom. Here was a formula that could be pushed on the powers without fear of involving armies or navies. The powers, to be sure, did not greet Mr. Stimson's doctrine with any great enthusiasm. The Tories by that time in power in England were not likely to look with pleasure on a declaration that all colonial rights gained by force are invalid. And the French happened to be just on the point of asking the World Disarmament Conference to turn the preservation of peace over to the police powers of an international army and navy. But the smaller nations found in the Stimson formula a way of evading or overcoming the fears and repressions of the larger states.

By the middle of February pressure from the smaller nations had induced the Council to endorse the Stimson doctrine in a note of unexampled stiffness addressed to Japan. And by March 11, the smaller states were in control of the Assembly and, although besieged by pleas from the powers not to do anything rash, they had encouraged China to make a formal appeal for League action under article 15 of the Covenant. Under that article the Assembly is given the power, in the absence of unanimity in the Council, to "take such action" as it may wish in order to maintain "right and justice."

As long as action by the League had been conceived in terms of the military sanctions of the Covenant, action had proved impossible. The great powers preferred to endure charges of evasion and helplessness rather than to pass

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any vote of censure on Japan, knowing that to do so would bring an immediate — and undeniable — demand from China for the applications of the sanctions provided in article 16. But with the appearance of the Stimson formula, drawn from the Pact of Paris, the Assembly had placed in its hand a method of "action . . . for the maintenance of right and justice" that did not involve use of armed force. Accordingly, on March 11, the Assembly adopted a history-making resolution in which it "declares it incumbent upon members of the League of Nations not to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the Covenant of the League of Nations or the Pact of Paris."

VI

In other words, the whole record of what has happened within the League, since the capture of Mukden last September presented that body with its first real test, constitutes a vindication of the foresight and wisdom of the Irreconcilables who, in 1919, fought American adherence to a plan for "enforcing" peace because they believed it dangerous and unworkable. The portions of the Covenant which involve resort to military sanctions broke down utterly when put to the test. Even France, although her mentality was still obsessed with the idea of securing peace by mobilizing some sort of overwhelming force, was not ready, in opposition to her personal interests, to send one warship to Manchuria.

Of course not! It would have been sheer lunacy for France, or Great Britain, or Italy, or any of the other League members to have attempted to deal with an intransigeant Japan on the basis of article 10 plus article 11 plus article 16. H. N. Brailsford, the British publicist, summed the whole situation up when he wrote: "The chief explanation of the League's inadequacy and timidity in this crisis is evidently that its Covenant is so tightly drawn that if it had branded Japan's aggression with the condemnation it merited, 'sanctions' and a formal state of war must have followed automatically. Faced with that prospect the League has wallowed in humiliation and hypocrisy in its pitiful efforts to hint a verdict which it dare not pronounce."

Does this mean that the Stimson formula, derived from the Pact of Paris, to which the Assembly turned when the unworkability of the Covenant had become clear, has solved the Far Eastern crisis? Obviously not. Such a formula may require a good while to make its power clear. It may, indeed, contribute to the making of a crisis even more difficult of solution than any so far known. The attempt to work out a negotiated solution on the basis of this principle now adopted by the Assembly is not likely to be taken lying down by Japan's bellicose and uncontrolled militarists. Faced by the League's demand for surrender of everything that has been gained at the point of the sword, the Japanese generals and admirals may once more rush into bloodshed, perhaps this time against Russia. In which case, it may prove, no rational solution of the Far Eastern question will be possible. But if Japan does not adopt this policy of desperation, the formula now relied on by the League will prove an economic halter around the recalcitrant nation's throat, constantly drawing tighter and tighter. Japan cannot long develop the position she has sought to seize on the Asiatic mainland without the aid of foreign financing. Any banker who loaned her a yen in the face of the American note of January 7 and the Assembly resolution of March 11 would be a fit subject for a sanity examination. And, despite the censorship, there are signs that Japanese industry realizes that fact.

But, altogether apart from what may come out of this initially bungled Manchurian affair, this much, at least, has been proved — the idea of "enforcing" world peace is a delusion. The nations simply dare not attempt to enforce such a program against transgressors of any importance. The very attempt to induce them to do so paralyzes whatever other efforts to restore or protect the peace they might make. Hence, the lesson of the Manchurian crisis for the League is, first of all, that the whole scheme of military sanctions, automatically applied, as contained in articles 10, 11, and 16, is a bar in the way of action which, if the League is to grow in authority, must be taken out of the Covenant. To safeguard its own future, the League must give up the idea of beating recalcitrant nations into subjection. And who would blame the Irreconcilables if now, in view of the articles' proved worthlessness, they were to say, "I told you so"?

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The Pay-As-You-Go City

How Milwaukee Has Cut Down Graft, Waste, and Crime

by **RUBEN LEVIN**

THE NATION'S curiosity has been drawn time and again to the apparently eccentric politics of Milwaukee and Wisconsin. The well-entrenched Socialism of this city and the powerful La Follette near-Socialism of the rest of the state have brought profound distrust upon the commonwealth from the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Key Men of America, and the Patriotic Sons of the Patriotic Fathers — a distrust that has never subsided since the World War days when Milwaukee was pictured to the country as a hotbed of treason, pro-Germanism, and anti-American conspiracies to overthrow the great Republic.

A few months ago its swift justice for the criminal, its prompt disposition via the prison route of visiting Chicago gangsters, won front page headlines in newspapers throughout the land. Newspaper correspondents from a score of metropolitan centers flocked in to find out how Milwaukee did it, how it managed to ship hold-up gentry, burglars, and other yeggmen off to the penitentiary twenty-four hours after they committed their crimes. The Wickersham Commission, after a lengthy study of this city, publicly suggested that Milwaukee's methods of dealing with crime, its quick court procedure, its elimination of long-winded and unwieldy grand juries, might drive out the banditti of other cities.

Now Milwaukee has sprung into the public spotlight anew, this time as the "miracle city" of municipal finance, a city which, amazingly enough, seems bare of graft or other taint of corruption, free of any alliance between politicians and vested interests, severed of any ties between police and the underworld.

A Socialist city might be expected to know little of the raw reality of finance, to be so immersed in visionary ideas and experiments as to neglect the bald and practical operation of city government, and thus find itself in a peck of trouble. And yet, what are the facts? While other cities are bogged in debt, unable to meet payrolls, their funds looted by boodlers, Milwaukee ended the year 1931 with a $2,000,000 unspent surplus in the budget appropriations of the various departments, and with a $3,500,000 balance in the bank after all bills for the year had been paid.

In neighboring bribe-ridden, gang-infested Chicago, taxpayers are on strike at this writing, thousands of public employees are being discharged for lack of money to pay them, teachers are working in the hope of receiving their salaries some time, schools face shutdowns, and bankruptcy appears imminent.

In Milwaukee, on the other hand, 16,000 unemployed men have been given part-time jobs on public construction, and 12,000 regular city employees (including teachers) are getting their usual bi-weekly salary cheques in cash, not script. Citizens, instead of rebelling at the taxes, are rushing in with their levies in advance. In fact, many have lately thrust upon the city treasurer's desk enough money to cover their tax bills for 1932, not due until January, 1933. During the three months before the collection period for 1931 assessments opened in December, Milwaukeeans deposited about $1,000,000 of taxes in advance.

The corruption and spoils system that prevails in Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York is alien to Milwaukee. Here, the minutest dishonesty of a public official can arouse a scandal that will shake the city. Not long ago, a municipal employee was discovered to have carted away about $75 worth of city-owned junk, sold it, and pocketed the proceeds. He was promptly suspended. An investigation of sewers recently constructed by private contractors disclosed a good many defects. The

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superintendent of the city bureau of sewers was thereupon summarily discharged, one contractor was barred from bidding on a public project, and five contractors were directed immediately to reconstruct their sewers to meet the city's specifications. Several weeks ago, about fifty municipal employees who use their own automobiles on public work were found to be drawing as much in expense money as before the depression. Straightway their allowances were reduced, while some were eliminated. A number of the workers will now have to walk.

Milwaukee's Past

A public conscience such as this did not exist in Milwaukee twenty to twenty-five years ago, and efficiency in government and financial operation was little more than a mirage. Municipal departments were spending freely, uncurbed by a budget, and taxes were not collected until after the year's disbursements were made. This meant borrowing for current needs, and high interest charges.

Milwaukee paid its contractors then with tax anticipation certificates which had to be discounted at the banks. This rapidly swelled the snowball of interest, and contractors' prices were jacked up to cover the discount rate. Street paving, obviously an item to be financed out of direct taxation, was paid with bond issues. So was the recurring expense of river dredging and of other temporary improvements. Time and again new bonds were issued for street repairs when the old bonds on the same work were not yet retired.

Each administration proclaimed that it favored more improvements and reduced taxes — obviously political hokum. In consequence, as Mayor Daniel Webster Hoan, the Socialist chief executive points out, "the tax rate for a time was kept low but the agony of municipal management increased until finally every fund in the city was depleted."

"The fire and police pension funds were bankrupt to the tune of $2,000,000," the Mayor explains. "There were insufficient funds in the budget to operate the city. A shortage of nine school hours existed. Bridges and streets were in disrepair. There were no playgrounds for the children. In brief, much the same conditions prevailed as now face every other large city."

To top it all, corruption ran riot, becoming so brazen that the clamor of an aroused citizenry forced a grand jury investigation out of which came two hundred indictments for graft and bribery, involving eighty persons, chiefly public officials. Forty pleaded guilty or were convicted in court, and among these were the Superintendent of Bridges, the Building Inspector, the Commissioner of Public Works, many aldermen, county supervisors, and salesmen as well as executives of private firms. They had to bribe, the private individuals testified, before they could sell anything to the city.

In 1910 a Socialist majority obtained control of the city government. A bureau of municipal research was installed to overhaul the administrative jumble. For two years the Socialists were able to carry on their work unrestrained. Then the Republicans and Democrats, to regain power, formed a coalition, called Nonpartisan, and won dominance again.

In the interval, however, the city apparently began to rise out of its disorder. A new spirit permeated the City Hall. Thereafter, year by year, new laws were introduced and passed, modernizing antiquated municipal procedure, bringing order into the topsy-turvy financial set-up, and cleansing the government of jobbery and rascality. Not all of these laws were of Socialist origin, but many were the result of Socialist pressure. Locally, of course, the question as to whether the Socialists deserve the credit for this reformation continues to be a touchy and argumentative issue, especially in political circles. But the fact remains that in those two years the tide turned, and even though the Socialists subsequently were kept in a minority, reform upon reform was adopted in city operation and Milwaukee halted what Mayor Hoan describes as "cities choking themselves to death by the borrowing habit."

Getting the City Out of the Red

Among the first of the financial reforms was the overthrow of the old haphazard system of spending and the introduction of an adequate budgetary plan, under which departments are now compelled to estimate in detail their needs for the ensuing year even down to a bar of soap or a coil of rope. And they are strictly limited in their budgets. The Nonpartisan Comptroller, Louis M. Kotecki, curtly calls department executives on the carpet

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whenever they "crowd" their appropriations. Thus it has become normally impossible to incur a deficit and the city is able to end each year with as much as one or two million dollars in unexpended balances left in the combined budgets.

A second radical reform was the adoption of a taxation readjustment measure which authorized the levying of an added half mill tax to place all city departments on a pay-as-you-go basis. With this fund, bureau after bureau has been supplied with the year's expenditures in advance, and the previous borrowing spree was corked up. Now all but six departments are operating on a cash policy, and these will all be on that basis in 1934 with the aid of the $500,000 collected each year by the half-mill tax. It is this readjustment law that has enabled the city to pile up its annual surplus in the treasury, to pay contractors in full on completion of their work, and yet allow property owners benefited by such improvements to repay their share of the cost in six yearly installments. Contractors' prices, as a result of this innovation, dropped fifteen to twenty per cent.

A further saving was effected by lumping all city money in one general fund. In the Comptroller's books, the departmental allotments are kept sacredly separate, but the Treasurer segregates none of them. Since the money is not held in "different pockets," Kotecki makes it clear, "one department doesn't borrow at 5 per cent interest while another down the hall, more affluent, gets 2 per cent for its money idling in the bank."

The most unusual refinement came with the "baby's bank account," a debt amortization fund believed to be unduplicated elsewhere. By this means the city hopes in another twenty-five years or thereabouts to wipe out its bonded debt at a stroke, finance all permanent improvements out of direct taxes, and eliminate the mountainous annual expense of interest and principal on the indebtedness. This fund indirectly supplements the sinking fund and is expected to reach proportions sufficient to retire the $45,000,000 public bonded debt by 1957. Into it are poured one-third of all interest received from deferred installments on street improvement assessments, delinquent taxes, and city funds in the banks. Established in 1923 with a capital of $400,000, it has grown to $3,650,000.

The fund is invested entirely in Milwaukee municipal bonds. It is destined to mount rapidly in later years through the compounding of its interest. Thus, in another quarter century, with the amortization coffers holding all of Milwaukee's bonds, the city will be able to touch a match to the securities and free itself of debt.

Further economy has been made possible in Milwaukee by the creation of a central purchasing bureau. This bureau has checked the old haphazard and irregular buying of individual departments; it lumps all such purchases and gets low prices as a result of large orders and keen, competitive bidding. It has succeeded in slicing ten per cent from the city's former annual bill for materials and supplies.

Mayor Hoan has estimated that the various financial revisions mentioned above have given the city an operating cost $3,000,000 less than it would have been otherwise. The reduction achieved is shown by the fact that Milwaukee pays 21 cents out of each tax dollar to retire bonds and meet interest charges, while New York pays 42 cents.

Even with the rising volume of delinquent taxes, Milwaukee may avoid borrowing in this critical year when other cities are slashing payrolls wildly and shutting down municipal services. Mayor Hoan has organized a "cabinet" of city department heads to work out economy measures jointly. The Board of Estimates, the city's financial planning body, is energetically pruning 1932 departmental budgets of appropriations that can be withheld. The city Treasurer has begun accepting delinquent taxes in installments and stimulating advance payment of 1932 taxes. To top that, Socialists are pressing surveys aimed at public ownership of utilities and organization of a municipal bank to provide added city revenues.

Any City Could Do It

The steps Milwaukee has taken to bolster its finances are available to any city. The first step is the passage of the necessary laws, local and state. But the laws alone are not sufficient, Mayor Hoan and the Socialists insist, and their contention finds considerable support in Milwaukee's experience. They are certain that the driving force of a political group dedicated to honesty and efficiency in government can alone replace the grab-all-you-

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can system of the politicians now in power.

The Mayor is positive that "what has been accomplished in Milwaukee cannot be carried out in other cities without the leadership of a well-organized and well-disciplined party of workers as illustrated in the Socialist party of this city." However, an analysis of the party's influence here provides evidence that an out-and-out Socialist organization is not a prime requisite. A labor party with the right leadership, gathering its funds not from a few rich men who expect to get their money's worth in return, but from the nickels and dimes of thousands of rank-and-file contributors, could attain, at least in large measure, what the Socialists have accomplished in Milwaukee.

The "new era" here has spread its influence beyond the field of finance. Though the Socialists have been in a minority position in the common council (the governing body) for the last twenty years, except for one or two terms, the helm of the government has been consistently Socialist under the direction of Daniel Webster Hoan for the last sixteen years. This has given the Socialists a strategic power, for the right of appointment is vested in the Mayor. He can select the department heads, the members of important boards and commissions, and indirectly, through his selection of the fire and police commissions, he can pick both the fire and police chiefs.

Thus Jacob Laubenheimer, a non-Socialist, but an efficient and conscientious disciplinarian, was appointed by the Mayor back in 1921, and under him the police department has won a national reputation for ridding Milwaukee of crime, and has brought to the community the lowest burglary insurance rate of any city in the country.

Peter Steinkellner, a sincere Socialist, was promoted from the ranks to fire chief in the face of violent opposition by the Non-partisans, who clamored that a socialist could not fight fires. What has been the result? Milwaukee has the lowest fire insurance rate of any of the country's metropolitan centers.

Mayor Hoan appointed Dr. John P. Koehler, a diligent, active disease prevention propagandist as commissioner of health, and in 1930 Milwaukee took first honors as the healthiest city in the country in a nationwide competition conducted by the United States Chamber of Commerce. In 1931 it took second place.

Leon Gurda, a scrupulous and impartial building inspector chosen by the Mayor, has wiped out the deplorable laxity in the enforcement of the building code which prevailed in the previous administration. He has undertaken a slum eradication program that has resulted in the demolition of 400 to 500 unsanitary and deteriorated buildings each year in the blighted districts of Milwaukee.

The list might be continued with other names, but those cited adequately tell the story of how the Socialist party's influence has filtered through the city government.

Who Deserves the Credit?

The facts set forth have given considerable credit to the Socialist party; perhaps too much. There is another phase of the political set-up that must be given consideration — the keen rivalry of a genuinely bipartisan government. Neither the Socialists nor the Nonpartisans have a political machine possessing a stranglehold on the City Hall. Each is an alert watchdog eyeing the acts of the other.

Mayor Hoan, for instance, tall, lean, outspoken, his coal-black Irish moustache always bristling for a fight, heads the Socialist Cerberean contingent in the city government. Louis Kotecki, the ruddy, stubby Comptroller, of Polish extraction, with his office at the opposite end of the hall to the Mayor's, is the leading vigilante of the Non-partisans. The two men illustrate also the peculiar perverse streak of this dominantly German city in electing chief executives who are of other races. And yet it is not perverse. It demonstrates the local freedom from racial ties, the blunt refusal of citizens to vote along lines of race without regard to ability.

The positions of Hoan and Kotecki show also Milwaukee's common sense in re-electing good men term after term, giving them an opportunity to work for reforms over long periods and avoiding the chaos that comes with an overturn in office each two or four years. Kotecki has been in office for twenty years; Hoan for twenty-two, the first six of them as city attorney. Both have just been re-elected for another four years.

The watchdog scrutiny is carried out in the common council too. Only six of its members have been Socialists in the past four years, though a near landslide for the Socialists at

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the recent spring election raises this number to twelve out of a total of twenty-seven for the coming quadrennium. Thus the Socialists, though in a minority, can ask pointed and embarrassing questions and block steam roller tactics. On the other hand, the Non-partisans, having the majority, can curb the Mayor, through their power of withholding confirmation, from filling every appointive office with a Socialist and restrain city executives already chosen from mixing their Socialism too glaringly with administration.

There is, too, the insistence on good government that has become deep-rooted in Milwaukee's populace. It is an attitude that has been impressed by the pounding propaganda of the Socialists for the past twenty years, and by a daily press alert to pounce fiercely on the least sign of waywardness among city officials.

Reform in Milwaukee has been a gradual process, Mayor Hoan lets it be known, but it is his belief that "what Milwaukee has done to put its housekeeping in order can be done by every large city — if it has the will to do so."

I'm Going Back to Church

ANONYMOUS

For a good many years I have stayed away from church. Quite recently, however, I decided to return to that venerable institution and try it again. In all honesty I cannot say that I have experienced any sudden change of heart, however greatly such a confession might please some of my friends. Before I made up my mind to go back I loved my neighbor about as much as I love him to-day. My ideas about God are hardly more concrete now than they were a year ago. I observe approximately as many hypocrites in the church as formerly. Perhaps the church will not satisfy what seems to be an instinctive craving on my part; nevertheless I intend to give it an honest trial.

There was a time when organized religion occupied a very important place in my life. I distinctly remember the day I brought home a gold button from Sunday School, prouder than if it had been a Legion of Honor decoration. I worried terribly if I missed a single Sunday, secretly thinking that my parents were underzealous if not downright wicked to allow so slight an inconvenience as a thunderstorm to prevent my attendance. As I grew older I took an active part in young people's work, read about missionaries, and grieved bitterly over the prospect of all the heathen going to hell after death.

I think the earliest doubt entered my orthodox soul on the day I made the discovery that the ancient Greeks were heathen. I had been reading a child's adaption of the *Iliad* when it suddenly occurred to me that Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses were guilty of wicked error in genuflecting before the altars of Zeus, Apollo, Athena, and Aphrodite. I shuddered to think that even at that moment all those tough old heroes, together with their inspired chronicler, were bearing inconceivably fearful punishment because they worshiped more gods than one. I wondered whether or not their sentences had been mitigated ever so slightly because of the obvious fact that they did not know any better. I even remember making the audacious prayer that in some way

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God would make it possible for them to escape punishment altogether.

A little later I read of the blameless life and martyr's death of Socrates. Surely, I argued, he could not be in hell. The whole thing was too unreasonable. Because of an article of belief one man went to an eternal punishment of monstrous woe. A man might be gentle, kindly generous, humble, and just; another might be mean, grasping, cruel, and dishonest. If the first man happened to believe erroneously, he was headed straight for the stoking squad whereas all the second man had to do was to adopt the correct belief, repudiate his wickedness, and receive the happy assurance of a joyful eternity.

One day I discovered that my father belonged in the first category. My mother was, and is, an orthodox Christian of the old school, believing that the world was created in exactly six days and that the first woman was a metamorphosed rib of the first man. She was the gentlest of mothers, patient, cultured, talented, taking a leading part in every community activity and exercising a state-wide influence for social good. But my father, without half her formal education, possessed a much more analytical mind. He had met the doubts which were beginning to obsess me and had been able neither to conquer nor suppress them. When I was about ten years of age I found out that he was not a member of any church.

I took comfort in the thought that he must be a believer at heart, but as I grew older I heard him denounce the church and admit that he did not believe the Bible to be inspired. He was a good man, almost totally lacking in any littleness or intolerance, and when he died hundreds attended his funeral. My mother was almost prostrated with grief at his passing, but she drew upon some untapped reservoir of faith which gave her comfort.

My problem about this time was intensified by a deep friendship with a Jewish boy of my own age and tastes. I have never known a cleaner, finer, gentler man in all my life. Somehow I couldn't take in a plan of salvation that left him out. Yet if the Bible were inspired, both my father and my friend were certain to receive eternal punishment; there was no mistaking the issue as it had been taught me. Therefore I came to the only conclusion that my reason would allow and my heart accept; I erased inspiration from my creed, possibly not at one decisive moment, but gradually and somewhat fearfully.

Away from Fundamentalism

Had there been a Universalist Church in my community I think I should have joined it; lacking one, I united with my mother's church after the assurance that the only absolute requirement was my *personal* acceptance of Jesus Christ. My private convictions regarding certain of my church's doctrines did not prevent my regular attendance at services or my participation in church work. When I finished high school I even matriculated at the college supported by my denomination. I must confess, however, that this move was actuated not so much from a sense of church loyalty as on account of the persuasive influence of an older boy who was a senior at the institution.

The place was a Gibraltar of Fundamentalism, but it failed to accomplish much in the way of reshaping my convictions. I shall never forget the Bible professor, whose four-year course was a specific requirement. He was a man cast in an heroic mold: Knox, Cromwell, and the late Mr. Bryan all rolled into one. He would back his thundering pronouncements with honest-to-God argument and had little tolerance for evasiveness or unclear thinking. Yet, though thoroughly convinced that the Bible was God's dictated word, he respected my opinions and was personally fond of me and I of him. When I graduated he handed me a most complimentary recommendation for a teaching position in which he commended me as an independent thinker!

Nevertheless I was far from being an agnostic when I graduated from college. Perhaps my preceptors had failed to make me into a thorough-going Fundamentalist, but I still believed in a personal God and a personally conscious future existence. I continued to attend church regularly, singing in the choir and even teaching a Sunday School class. My ingenuity, however, was subjected to considerable strain when my eager and intelligent pupils asked me to justify the occupation of Canaan, the massacre of the Amalekites, and similar episodes of sacred history.

It was not until several years later that I stopped going to church. Gradually I had

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found that I was losing interest, but I had continued to attend from a sense of duty. The sermons frankly bored me; it was the old trouble, too much emphasis on belief and not enough on simplicity of life and kindness to others. Then, before I realized it, God seemed an immense distance away. No less powerful; no less infinite; much less anthropomorphic.

I became deeply interested in folk lore. I learned that primitive people from the remote ages have created God in their own images. The conclusion forced itself upon me that my church knew little more about God than did the "heathen." Without for a moment doubting the existence of a Creator, I realized that I had never seen his photograph or read his autobiography. I wondered — not that the question was original with me — if such a Creator needed or desired human worship.

Wondering, drifting, somewhat indifferent, I finally quit going to church.

Works without Faith

But I realize now that I was unhappy outside the church. Although I continue to believe that the world is hundreds of millions of years old, that Adam is as legendary as Prometheus, and that "sin" is largely a reversion to primitive character traits, something I am unable quite logically to explain made me want to go back. On Sunday morning there was always a feeling that I ought to be at services — not so much a painful conscience as an impression that I was missing something which I should have been experiencing.

Even though I no longer conceive of God as a Hebrew patriarch on an infinitely large scale, I have never really doubted the existence of God. Moreover, there have been occasions when He seemed immediate, almost demonstrable. These experiences have occurred most frequently in the presence of nature's prodigal beauty or during the reading of a great poem. I lay no claim to mysticism, of course; every sensitive person has doubtless experienced the same feeling many times. Who, for example, has not dropped down for a brief rest on the banks of some quiet stream, looked upward at the clouds through lazy eyes, and felt a moment's identity with the universe?

The hope of attaining this experience is probably the chief reason people cultivate an acquaintance with nature, read poetry, and listen to good music. For me the feeling can often be recaptured in church. There is something peculiarly restful about the service which even the driest and most dogmatic of sermons cannot completely eradicate. And it seems to me that in spite of all my doubts — perhaps because of them — I need some inner assurance of God. If, then, the church helps me to cultivate it, I ought to go to church, just as I ought to stroll in the woods and read good poetry.

I learned, too, that I continue to call on God for help. Not long ago one of my little boys became acutely ill. My reaction was thoroughly illogical for a man who believed in a Creator concerned only with astral phenomena. I called in the best pediatrician I knew, instituted emergency measures prior to his arrival, and frantically prayed a decidedly old-fashioned prayer that the child would not die. During his illness and following his recovery the thought occurred to me rather forcibly that my attitude had not been very consistent. I had ignored God when everything was running smoothly and then gone bawling to Him for help at the first serious emergency. That being the case, I was not doing the right thing to withhold my worship, even admitting that it was not essential to His happiness.

If these are the spiritual reasons back of my return, there is another aspect as important.

Not long ago I visited an orphanage operated by my particular denomination. As I watched scores of happy-faced children, who, lacking a home and intelligent guidance, might have grown into criminals or social misfits, I recalled, not without chagrin, how little I had contributed to their upkeep during the years I stayed away from church. Of course there are state-supported orphanages which do lots of good, but all too often the children they turn out are "institutionalized" and possess vast inferiority complexes. The church orphanage I visited, on the other hand, was founded with the idea of preserving self-respect; it was, in fact, the first institution of its kind in America not called an "asylum." For nearly seventy years boys and girls have been leaving it with their heads up, marrying well, and taking places of leadership in their communities. An enthusiastic alumni association holds a reunion at the old "home" every five years. Can my modest contribution help these children? I think it can.

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A classmate of mine is a medical missionary to Africa. During his last furlough I asked him why he worked so hard to substitute his religion for a picturesque worship which seemed to me to be adequately adapted to the present state of cultural advancement of the natives. An ardent student of anthropology, he looked rather amused at my question, doubtless not a new one to him. "When you have seen half the people of a village given poison to prove whether or not they are witches, you won't so much mind disturbing their religion," he said. "In the second place, Africa is inevitably being opened up to the white man. If the fate of the poor natives is to be any better than that of the American Indians, we must give them a little training in white civilization; otherwise they'll get their lesson from the rascally traders and adventurers who are already putting in their appearance." I cannot but feel that my friend is right. This being the case, I ought to help him; but outside the church my help would, I fear, amount to little more than good wishes.

An Inner Contentment

There are other reasons which had to do with my decision to go back. For one thing, I can never wholly dispense with the church's services and I don't relish the idea of being a deadbeat. I was married in the church and admit that, were it to be done over again, the church would be my selection as the proper place. Doubtless it is a residual heirloom handed down from tribal usage, but I feel that the shaman is a little more competent to marry me than the chief, the scribe, or the keeper of the wampum.

My children are now getting old enough to receive ethical training, and I realize that, if I am honest, I must bring them up either in the church or out of it. If, as I think, they will receive better training under the influence of religion, I must set them the example of subscribing to such an influence. And finally, when I die, whether I belong to a church or not, some long-suffering minister will have to make a few complimentary, if not strictly true, remarks over my remains. It isn't fair that I should allow this embarrassing task to devolve upon him after a lifetime of indifference or actual hostility on my part.

My wife and I have been thinking about all these considerations and have finally decided to send for our old membership letters, unite with a church in the city where we now live, and attend as many services as possible, even though we may not believe everything the preacher says. Our creed is simple enough. We believe in an intelligent Creator, whose evidence, for us, is manifest principally in nature and in the thoughts and actions of certain of our fellow men. We believe also in a very real, compassionate Jesus, whose principles, if followed rather than talked, will lead to the greatest possible happiness. We believe that thousands of people in other churches and other creeds have successfully followed these principles, as have many individuals outside of any church. For our purposes, however, they are a little easier to follow in association with other people united for the same objective. While not unaware that fearful atrocities have been perpetrated in the name of religion, we can find neither authority nor precedent for such deeds in the life of the Nazarene.

We are going to church to drink in the deep, soothing music of the masters, so universal that it knows no limitation of creed; composed alike by Protestant, Catholic, and Jew. We will sing the old hymns, also, and feel better and stronger for having sung them; some of them are among the finest poems of the race. We expect to listen to the preacher, too, not being so completely sophisticated but what some of the things he has to say will do us good. And should we think his sermons too simple we ought to be able to comfort ourselves with the pleasure this thought will give to our egos.

Furthermore, we're going to help with the church work being carried on, even if this requires an apparent reversion to Babbittry. We know that it is too expensive, overorganized, and smacks of Rotary methods, but we feel that it is much better than none at all. So we're going in for the men's club and the women's auxiliary, and are going to buy indigestible cake at unheard-of prices, help with welfare projects, get up baskets for poor families, and send the children to Sunday School.

And perhaps if we do these things for the next twenty or thirty years we may achieve that inner contentment so many old-fashioned Christians seem to possess but which is rather conspicuously lacking in the ranks of the intelligentsia.

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HUNGRY

Part II

by LAUREN W. GILFILLAN

GRADUATING from Smith in 1931, Lauren W. Gilfillan could find no job connected with writing, her special interest. On the advice of a publisher she went to a town in the Pittsburgh coal-mining district, where a strike was in progress. Here, in her disguise as a miner's child (possible because of her slight physique), she hoped to find good journalistic material. In the June Forum she described her first few hours in the community: getting up before daybreak, being fed at the Communist relief kitchen, talking with the undernourished children of the town, joining the strikers' picket in front of the mines. At six o'clock she started with a truckload of youngsters for Pittsburgh, thirty-five miles away, to beg for money for food. Singing workers' songs in an atmosphere of picniclike gayety, the crew, with its two young Communist leaders, arrived in the city, only to be stopped by a protesting policeman. They waited in suspense for the storm to burst. —The Editor.

I

THE COP strode up to the truck.

"Here," he snarled. "Where in hell yuh think yuh goin'?"

The driver made no reply. But Comrade Jack, one of the leaders of the excursion, leaned forward.

"Officer, we're takin' the kids into town, that's all. We're goin' to git 'em food and clothes. They need it. They're starvin'."

"Yeah, just takin' 'em fer a little joy ride, ain't yuh? Givin' 'em a good time, that's all. Sure, that's all. Well, yuh can't fool me! I know what you're doin'. Communists, ain't yuh? Disturbin' the peace with your noise 'n' singin'. The last time yuh did this, yuh all landed in jail, didn't yuh? Well, this time, there ain't gonna be no —"

Two more officers had come up to join his companion officer, who waited on the sidewalk. One of them now interrupted.

"Hi, Mally!" He beckoned our cop back to the sidewalk. The four held a few moments' colloquy. The children waited, staring wide-eyed. No one said a word. Then Mally shrugged and returned to us.

"I ain't stoppin' yuh now, see. But if yuh try any monkey business, yuh ain't gonna git very far. Git along now, you're blockin' traffic."

He shook his billy, rejoined the other cops, and the four of them watched us as we started off.

The children sighed as if releasing held breath. "Gee!" said one, "I sure thought he was gonna bust." The others laughed.

We passed through more slums and drew up at a nondescript building.

"Pile out!"

The children stretched their stiff limbs and clambered to the sidewalk.

"Do we eat here?"

"No, not yet."

We trooped up three flights of narrow, dirty stairs into a large gaunt room which might once have been a gymnasium or a pool hall. It was bare, except for a few chairs against the walls. On the walls hung numerous placards, crudely lettered in colored chalk. "Down with capitalism!" "Fight starvation!" "Revenge the murder of the nine Scottsboro boys!" "Miners unite and fight against starvation and slavery in the coal fields!"

As we appeared in the doorway, two young women and a man came forward and herded us into a corner. Other groups of children stood about, silently waiting. We, too, stood, docilely enough, until at length one of the young women beckoned to our group, and gathered us around her. She was Jewish, young, poor.

"Now listen, comrades. You're hungry, ain't you?"

"Yes." Grins.

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"Well, to-day you're goin' out to get food. You're goin' to get money for the miners. You're goin' to ask the people for money. Now, don't you be afraid. You just walk right up to 'em and say, 'I'm hungry. Will you give us money for the miners?' If a policeman tells you to stop, you say to him, 'How many meals do you have a day? I have two. Sometimes I have one. We're all starvin'.' Maybe he'll put you in jail, because we ain't got a permit, and the city told us not to come. But you're not afraid of jail, are you?"

"We ain't afeared of jail," the little boys assured her.

"Well, now here's the address where you're goin'." She repeated it to us. "You remember it. We don't want you to get lost."

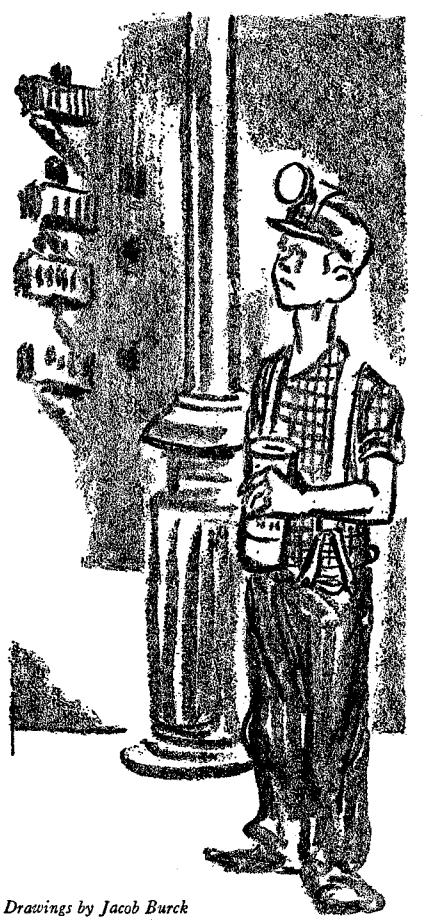
We were conducted downstairs again, into the truck, and drove away. An oldish woman with white hair accompanied us. She stood next to me, and smiled at me compassionately.

"You're hungry?"

It was now about nine-thirty in the morning. "I'm awful hungry," I replied.

"Haven't you eaten yet?"

"Sure, I had a cup of coffee at six o'clock. . . . Are you hungry, Mary?" Mary was thirteen, and had been my friend ever since we met on picket early that morning.



Drawings by Jacob Burck

"Sure, I'm hungry. My stomach's squirmin' all around."

We arrived in another place. It was a sort of barn with benches and a desk at the back. The children filled the benches, and a man stood before us and addressed us in a foreign accent.

"Com-er-atts!"

A small boy next to me snickered.

"Sounds like he says 'Common rats!'"

The man told us that we would be given some boxes, and that we were to stand on the street corners and ask people for money. He exorted us not to be afraid, and we weren't to come back until our boxes were full. Then he called the roll, and as each child came up, gave him a cardboard box with a slit in the top, and inscribed in red letters "Help win the strike against starvation in the coal fields."

"Now who has not got vun?"

I hadn't.

"Come up here. Vat's your name?"

I bashfully murmured something.

"Vat vas that? I could not un'nerstan'?"

I spelled it for him slowly.

And then! The children stirred with excitement. A big tin of penny rolls was being passed around. One little boy called out, "Hey, you missed this kid," indicating a tiny girl shrinking in a corner. The child was hastily supplied. She had been too shy to protest.

"Take two," Mary advised me. But I shook my head. Noble Ashburn, sitting on my other side, held her bun in her hand and did not eat it immediately.

"Why don't you eat yours?" I asked, gobbling mine in big mouthfuls.

"There's coffee comin'. I can't eat unless I have somethin' to drink, too. It makes my stomach feel awful."

The coffee was in paper cups. "There's sugar in it!" I heard several exclaim. I felt a longing for milk, or even water that I wasn't afraid to drink.

"Do you ever have milk?" I asked Noble. She shook her head.

"Where do you live?" I said.

"Cedar Grove."

I had seen Cedar Grove on my way to the mining town from which we came. The miners lived in barracks — a row of what looked like cowsheds all joined together, each with one room, one door, and no windows.

"How many in your family?"

"Fourteen. My baby sister, and another sister, and my little brother died."

"That would have made seventeen."

She counted on her fingers. "Yes, seventeen."

"Do your feet hurt?" she asked me.

"Yes," I lied, looking down at my ragged but comfortable tennis shoes.

"Mine do, too. . . . Is those the only shoes you got?"

"No, I got another pair."

"You're lucky."

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There were no more buns and coffee left, and so we started out.

II

"GEE, I feel funny," said one child. "I ain't never ast people fer money before."

We were in the slums by the river. One by one we were planted on street corners, and told to ask everybody we met for money, and when our boxes were full to come back.

As I stood on my corner, I saw a child on the corner ahead of me, and one on the corner behind me.

"This isn't a good way to beg," I thought. "The people will be asked too often."

Those who passed me were few enough, and they were in rags, and often half tipsy. But I asked them all. I drew my face into a bitter resigned expression. I looked at people beseechingly, and with hungry eyes. I let my shoulders droop wearily.

"If this were not acting . . . ," I thought.

Very few people gave me money. Some walked past hastily, their faces like masks. Some compressed their lips and shook their heads. Some actually glared at me. Some informed me that they didn't have a cent and were out of a job themselves. I ran up to a business man whose car stopped for a red light.

"Help the miners," I begged him, holding him out my box. "We're hungry, Mister. We ain't got enough to eat."

He shook his head. "Can't help you to-day."

I held his gaze. "Mister, we're *hungry*."

No answer.

As I turned away, I gave him a look of accusing reproach.

"Here, come back," He extracted a quarter from his wallet, and pushed it into my outstretched box.

"Be sure and spend it on food, now. Nothing else," he said crossly.

"Oh, sure, Mister," I nodded, beaming.

"Well, you probably won't," he shouted back as he drove off.

I extended my box to a working man who looked friendly.

"I'm a miner, myself," he smiled at me. "I ain't been workin' since the strike begun. Where you from?"

I told him.

"Where's your father mine?"

"P. and W." I said at random, "but he ain't workin' either. He ain't no scab. He goes on the picket every day. I go a lot of times, too."

"That's the stuff, kid. Go to it. Wish you luck." We grinned at each other.

After two hours had elapsed, and I judged I had made about forty cents, I decided to be more enterprising.

"This won't do," I thought. "Too much competition here. I'll go downtown."

And so I left my corner, and began walking away from the river, begging as I went. At each corner I met a miner friend, looking very diminutive under the wide, hot sky.

"Did you get anything?" I asked them.

A shake of the head.

At their query, "Where you goin'?" I replied.

"I know a guy downtown in an office. I bet he'll give me some money. You tell the comrade I'll be back all right."

Downtown, the streets were very crowded, and the police were everywhere. I begged right under their noses. But they didn't want to see me. They scowled, and turned their backs.

Although I attracted plenty of attention, I found that well-dressed people were no more open-handed than poor people. They frankly stared at me.

"Look! There's one of them. There she goes."

When I asked women with furs and silk stockings, they only shook their heads, muttered "No, I haven't any money," and hurried on. Not a single woman gave me money that day.

I ran up to two men in a car labeled "The Post-Gazette."

"Help the miners."

They each gave me fifty cents.

"Oh, thanks, mister!" I smiled.

"Where are you from?"

I told them and one of them wrote it down. No one ever gave me fifty cents again.

It was past noon, and I was hungry.

"I'll get some milk," I thought. "Probably won't have any for a long time."

I dodged into a darkish doorway, and with difficulty extracted some change from the money belt which I wore beneath my faded calico dress. Then I went to a drug store, and clambered on a stool.

"Gimme a glass of milk," I ordered the white-jacketed clerk. He smiled, and served

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me. I held the glass clenched in my dirty fist, and gulped the milk eagerly.

"How much?"

"Ten cents."

I held out my handful of change, seized upon a dime, and gave it to him triumphantly. There was another dime in my palm.

"I want another."

As I was drinking the second, someone behind me said, "Look, there's one."

I turned. A man was nudging a policeman, sitting on a stool with his broad back toward me. He wouldn't turn around.

I finished off with orange juice (another dime) and started toward the river. On the way, as I held out my box to a man, I intercepted the outstretched hand of another mendicant. The man from whom we were begging hesitated with a dime between his fingers. Then he slid it into my box.

"Who do you think I am?" he yelled exasperatedly to the other beggar. "The Red Cross?"

On the bridge, I stopped an old codger who looked like a kindly grandpa.

"Listen, dearie," he snuffled through his red, pulpy nose, "I ain't had a job fer six months. I'm an old bum myself. When I git any food, I beg for it. We're pals, dearie."

III

At length I found headquarters again. The other children had returned earlier. Now the little girls ran to meet me.

"Hello, Laurie, we thought you was lost."

They dragged me to the desk.

"How much you got? How much?" They rattled my money box. "Oh, an awful lot!"

Amid great excitement, the comrade broke open my box and counted the money. Two dollars and thirty-one cents! I had more than anyone else. The other collections had averaged between thirty to fifty cents. One had ten cents. Several had nothing at all. Jimmy Walker had a dollar and twenty cents.

Jimmy was only nine, but he wasn't afraid. He had marched right up to people and said, "You're rich. You got money. Give me some." He had even asked a cop, but the cop had only told him he mustn't do that, and to go back home.

Rosie Nevitch told a marvelous story of how a man had stopped and asked her if she was hungry, and how he had taken her into a drug store and brought her a hamburg and some milk.

Helen Koller sidled up to me.

"You ain't seen my sister, have you?"

"I don't know her. Who's she?"

"Julie. She ain't come back. I'm afeared she's lost."

"She'll come back," said the comrade. "Shirley ain't here either."

More food coming. This time it was thin strips of bologna between sliced white rolls. We were all herded into a little court yard with a high board fence and a dirt floor. The children sat on the ground and munched their sandwiches.

"I want another," said one boy between mouthfuls.

"Well, you just wait until you eat that one," the comrade reassured him.

"I bet I git somethin' to eat when I git home, too," he exulted, as he bit into a second sandwich.

"For shame," reproved his little sister.

The children were laughing and moving about. Their faces were losing a little of that drawn look. They were beginning to act just like other children enjoying a lark. They looked up at the high walls. "This is our jail," they said playfully.

The heads of some slum children appeared over the top of the fence, and stared down upon us.

"Communists!" they hissed. "Red Necks!"

The young miners rose to their feet in a body.

"You get out of here! God-damn dirty bums!"

Noble, who had taken off her shoe to examine her sore foot, rushed at them and was about to hurl the missile. The heads of the strange children magically disappeared.

Milk! Milk was coming. We each had a half-pint bottle. We were happy.

The sandwiches and milk had thoroughly

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satisfied my appetite, and I wandered out of doors, sat on the front steps, and wished for a cigarette. The other children remained inside, keeping an eagle eye on the food until it was all gone. They could have eaten for a whole day, and still have had room for more.

As I sat on the steps, the "com-er-att" approached me.

"Vat is the matter? Don't you vant to eat? Ain't you hungry?"

I lifted somber eyes. "Oh, sure."

"Vell, go in and get somet'ing to eat, then. Go on."

I followed his advice. Inside the door, I met Comrade Jack. He took my dirty face in his equally dirty hands, and ruffled my hair.

"Listen, kid, where you think you goin' so fast?"

"To get something to eat."

"What you want something to eat for? Ain't you had some?"

"Sure, but I'm still hungry."

"Well, I'm hungry, too. We're all hungry. But what's left is for the little kids. They need it more than we do."

Ashamed, I grinned. "Sure. That's all right."

We were all ready to depart. But Shirley and Julie Koller had not appeared. Julie had been missing from her corner when the comrade went to find her. We waited and waited. As the sun sank toward the horizon, it became evident that she was lost. She was sixteen, but she had never been away from the mining town in all her life. When Helen knew that her sister was lost, she began to cry — not like a child of eleven: she just put her head in her hands, and the silent tears rolled down her cheeks. It was soon over.

I had a guilty conscience about Julie. Perhaps she had seen me run off from my corner, and had followed my example.

"Never mind, honey," I said to Helen, I'm going to find her."

"Where is your relief headquarters?" I asked the com-er-att, although I already knew. "Why don't you phone them and report that she is lost?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No, no. No good."

I determined to call them myself, and so I departed. But Mary and Helen ran after me and insisted on going along too. That meant I could not use my secret change purse, so we set out in search of a nickel to telephone. First we entered a drug store, and I explained to the clerk what we wanted and why. "A kid is lost." He pointed to the boss, a handsome young fellow, who, when I repeated my explanation, looked over my head and pretended not to hear me.

We tried a butcher shop.

"No!" roared the burly German butcher. "We don't help nobody here!"

A little old woman who had been purchasing two pork chops, stepped toward us, fumbling in her black reticule, and produced a coin which she placed in Mary's hand.

"Here's your nickel," she squeaked in a trembling voice. "For mercy sake, go and find that child."

We returned to the drug store and called headquarters.

"Where'd you find out how to telephone?" asked Mary.

"Oh, when I was in Pittsburgh before."

I reported the calamity to headquarters, and asked if Julie could possibly be there. My communicant went to look, and kept me waiting so long that the operator announced, "Your five minutes is up. Deposit another nickel, please." So that was that. We didn't have another nickel — or so Mary and Helen thought, and I could not tell them otherwise.

We returned to find a commotion on the street in front of the station. A baker in white cap and apron was passing, pushing a cart and calling, "Doughnuts, hot doughnuts! Five cents!"

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"Come over and give us some," screamed the children who were assembled on the sidewalk. The baker complied. But just as he was about to distribute the doughnuts, a thought occurred to him.

"Vere's your nickels?"

"We ain't *got* none!"

The baker halted suddenly, sprang back to his cart, and pushed it away at a run, spilling German profanity as he went.

The children were drooping with fatigue. At last we left without Julie. I could not bear to look at Helen's white and anxious face. And without Shirley.

But we found Shirley again. We had driven several blocks when the driver put on the break sharply. We saw a crowd on the street corner. Feminine screams rent the air. A patrol wagon came hurtling up the street. There was Shirley, struggling in the grasp of two policemen. Behind her stood a group of ragged children, holding little boxes in their hands. The patrol wagon stopped, and the policemen dragged Shirley toward it.

"You ain't got no right to arrest me!" She shrieked and struggled. Her black hair had fallen to her waist, and she writhed desperately.

"God, she hadn't oughta fight like that!" muttered the comrade huskily. "She'll get assault 'n' battery."

The police threw the still screaming Shirley into the wagon. Silently we watched it whizz away and listened to its shrill siren fade into the distance.

IV

On their way home, the children sang, though less exuberantly than on the trip to the city. As soon as one song was ended, the comrade started up another.

We meet to-day in freedom's cause
And raise our voices high,
To join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

Chorus: Hold the fort for we are coming,
Union men be strong.
Side by side we battle onward.
Victory must come.

Look, my comrades, see the union,
Banners waving high.
Reënforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh;

Fierce and long the battle wages,
But we do not fear.
Help will come when help is needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

A little girl was ill. Her face grew gray with nausea, and her eyes widened.

"She's sick to her stomach," the others said, and left her alone. At last the poor child vomited over the side of the moving truck. Two of the children silently supported her until it was over, and I held her in my arm the rest of the way home. Her little waist felt like nothing at all, and the shoulder pressing against me was almost uncomfortably bony. The incident excited little comment; the children merely went on singing.

I'm spending my nights in the flop house,
I'm spending my days in the street.
I'm looking for work, but I find none.
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus: Soo-*oop*, soo-*oop!*
They gave me a bowl of soup.

I saved twenty bucks with my banker,
To buy me a car and a yacht.
But when I went down for my fortune,
This is the answer I got.

Chorus: Soo-*oop*, soo-*oop! etc.*

I went out to fight for my country.
I went out to bleed and to die.
I thought that my country would help me,
And this is my country's reply. (Chorus.)

"Vicious little savages," I murmured to myself. My nerves were becoming frayed.

It was dusk when we entered the village. The scene of clustered shacks, and here and there a tiny garden, had taken on an almost rural graciousness in the soothing twilight. But the smoke haze spreading from the slag heap took away the blueness, and gave promise of a black night. The ever-present odor of coal struck my nostrils afresh.

Rows of miners, sitting idly on steps and porches, raised their hands in mute greeting as we passed by, and soon we pulled up in front of the relief kitchen. It was deserted except for three men sitting on the step.

The children pushed each other out of the truck. Rather to my surprise, they did not wait, did not gather for a chattering post-mortem on the day's adventure. Almost without comment they scattered in different directions, and with amazing suddenness were gone.

I had helped my patient to the ground.

"There's my pop," she said, pointing to one of the men who sat on the steps. I led her to him.

"She's feelin' sick," I told him.

He shook his blond shaggy head.

"Ya, ya? I take her home."

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He rose slowly, and the two of them dragged away, wordless.

And so, I, too, trudged home. I felt weary and filthy. I found Grandma Konnecheck, at whose shack I was boarding, peacefully sitting with her bare feet on the front steps.

"Vere you was? All day, I no see you."

"I went with the kids to Pittsburgh."

"Oh, yess. Dey go Pittsburgh to-day. You like?"

"Yes, it was fun."

The big, hairy handsome figure of Archie, Mrs. Konnecheck's son, suddenly filled the doorway. He sat down on the steps.

"Hello, you back? I thought you'd left us."

"Oh, no."

Grandma said something in Slovak and I heard the word, "Pittsburgh."

"Yeah? You go solicitin'?" commented Archie. "With that there Com-*mun*-ist gang?"

"Workin' to-day?" I inquired, to change the subject. Archie was a scab.

"Naw! Mine closed down agin. Smart fella, Moosilini," (the nickname for all mine superintendents). "He ain't paid us fer two weeks."

"When will it open again?"

"Who'n hell knows? Maybe to-morra, maybe not fer a month." He flung his cigarette into the night, produced his pouch, and with practiced fingers rolled another one. I wanted to reach up my hand and snatch it from him. But I knew that miners do not approve of girls' smoking. A cigarette, a bath. I wanted them terribly.

"Mrs. Konnecheck," I began tentatively, "do you think I could manage a bath?"

"Vat vas? No unnerstan'?"

"Do you suppose," I struggled to make my meaning clear, "I could carry a lot of hot water upstairs, and put it in a washtub, so I could wash — all over?" I made a gesture.

"Vant vater — hot? No got fire in stove. Don't got much coal get Archie breakfast. No got money buy much coal. You hungry?"

"No, thanks, I'm not hungry. I just feel awful dirty."

Archie and Grandma sat on the steps and gazed unseeingly out into the still blackness. There was something dignified and unapproachable about them. I gave it up.

I went upstairs to my squatty little room. It was dark. I shut the door carefully, felt for my coat in the bag under the bed, and from it extracted a pack of cigarettes and a paper of matches. I hung the coat over the key hole, struck a match, and regarded the stale, sooty rainwater in the pitcher. Then I curled up in the middle of the bed, and guiltily smoked.

"Oh, well . . ." I reflected philosophically. And then with heat, "Never again can anyone, unchallenged, remark in my presence, 'The poor can at least be clean'!"

The Ponies

(*New Forest*)

Turning down the lane, we heard a scuffle,
A trample, a jostle, and snort.
They were crowded in the dusk before our cottage
To see were we their sort;

But they scared before our footsteps coming slowly,
Scattering past us up the lane,
The ragamuffin vagabonds of ponies,
Trotting hoof and flopping mane.

And by night, coming home across the common,
With the moon behind a cloud,
You would very nearly stumble on them grazing
Till they loomed and snorted loud,

Pretending they were gobbiluns or ghaisties
Whereas, do you suppose
The apocalyptic horse in Revelations
Had a pushing velvet nose?

There were pigs that routed mast beneath the oak-trees,
There were birds to trill and call,
There were pleasant dogs, but still I think the ponies
Were the best beasts of all;

And I wish that I were strolling with my ashplant
To our cottage down the lane,
And I wish that you were there to cast your glamour
Over books and tea again;

And I wish that it was dusk and we were homing,
Turning off beside the pond,
Almost laughing once again to hear them snorting
In the dusk down beyond

Where they huddled thrusting heads across the wicket
Of our cottage, to report
To the rabbits and the badgers in the Forest
Whether we were of their sort.

— *William Rose Benét*

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What Spain Really Wants

by **MILDRED ADAMS**

When Alfonso XIII left Spain very hurriedly one night a year ago last April he astonished most Americans, and the immediate reason for his leaving surprised many Spaniards. Put in its briefest and baldest terms, he left because the people did not want him around any more. They went to the polls and voted for a certain set of municipal officers, but what they really were saying was "Down with the monarchy!"

They did not want the monarchy, and in particular they did not want the king. To Americans who had been told for years how popular Alfonso was, that seemed the most surprising thing about the whole affair. The historical reasons for it go back at least ten years, but any attempt to understand it, and to get some idea of what Spain wants in Alfonso's place, must begin not so much with history itself as with what lies back of it, namely certain interesting phases of the national temperament.

The easiest way to an understanding of what Spain wants is through a discussion of what she does not want. There is a certain amount of this negative ground-breaking to be done in approaching the problems of any foreign country, but with Spain it becomes an essential preliminary to all argument. You can no more leap straight to the heart of her desire than you can jump direct from France into Madrid.

Salvador de Madariaga, professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford and now Ambassador to France, says of the men of '98, "The first mood of this generation is fiercely negative and critical. Nothing. There is nothing but sham and hollowness. We must begin afresh. And then, as soon as the new men turn their faces toward the morrow, the split occurs."

This negative, critical mood is much older than the men of '98. It would take a psychologist with a flair for history to find out when, and why, it began to gain an ascendancy over the people who had ruled half the sixteenth-century world. One finds it running through eighteenth-century letters; with its accompanying tendency to fly apart it played a leading part in the disintegration of the nineteenth century. It was cause and effect of the Carlist wars, the failure of the first Republic, the fall of Cabinet after Cabinet when the constitutional monarchy was finally established.

The attitude is so alien to our own that we have the greatest difficulty understanding it or allowing for the strength of its influence. Individually and nationally we want things, and many things, and we want to get things done. By the same token we tend to deplore criticism, to hold it suspect, and even slightly immoral. We believe that faith without works is dead, and the measure of our belief is the strength of our material progress.

The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not want many things, is not inspired half so much by things as by ideas. He would rather argue in a café than slave long hours, even if he were to be paid largely for the slaving. His skill in criticism amounts to a positive genius. Instinctively he knows that works without faith are dead, and the measure of that knowledge is his inborn indifference toward material progress.

So Spaniards did not want Primo de Rivera with his motor roads and his telephones. They did not want his hydraulic plants, his subsidies to railways and steamships, his public works, his two expositions. They did not want the foreign capital he invited, or the foreign monopolies he granted. They did not want the king, who bobbed in and out of his protective shadow until he seemed not so much king as quick-change artist.

As a matter of cold fact, Alfonso's tenure of

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office lasted just as long as this negative, critical force dominated the nation. Left to itself it would probably have taken no such positive action as the elections of last April. But the small group which Madariaga called the generation of '98 had added to criticism an interest in analysis, a beginning to ask "why?" The younger men they inspired began to diagnose, to prescribe, and gradually there was built up a counter force, positive instead of negative, able by a mighty effort to hold together against all the innate tendencies of criticism and disintegration. It is that force which brought about the revolution and which has held the Republic together for its first difficult and inspiring year. It has managed to fend off conservative reaction on the one hand, Communist-Anarchist-Syndicalist attack on the other. It hopes to build a nation in place of what a Spaniard described in a moment of despair as "a country with no backbone."

If Not Alfonso..?

American papers told in full the details of that fourteenth of April, 1931, when the Republican leaders, convinced at last that the other big towns had voted as Madrid did, walked over to the empty offices of the Home Secretary and proclaimed that Spain was a Republic and they were its rulers. How the red flag of revolution was hoisted above the post office, how the people swarmed into the Puerta del Sol and surged over to the square in front of the palace, how the king went away by night, and the queen left the next day — all that was recorded to satisfy American love of the dramatic.

What happened next was more complicated, if less colorful, and of that we have heard little more than the explosive bits. Here they were with a republic on their hands, and each man had his own ideas as to what a republic was. For most Spaniards it was synonymous with freedom. It meant freedom from the kind of oppression they had suffered during the dictatorship, freedom to say what you wanted to without fear that the man sitting next to you in a café was a spy who would report you to the police, freedom to write what you wanted to without fear that your letter would be intercepted and destroyed, freedom to print what you wanted to without the certainty that your most earnest paragraph would be cut out and your newspaper faced with the necessity of filling that space with something harmless — a necessity which *El Sol* had satisfied one morning by placing in the exact center of its front page an essay on love.

If to some the Republic's most important aspect was the freedom to say what they wanted, to others it was the freedom to do what they wanted, and the doing very quickly took violent forms. Monarchist youths thought they were free to be as arrogant as they pleased, a Cardinal thought he was free to say just what he thought of the republic from the pulpit of Toledo Cathedral. Direct actionists thought they were free to express their resentment against monarchists and clericalists by attacking great houses and setting fire to convents.

It was less than a month after the very moving scenes which celebrated the coming of the Republic that this characteristic negative phase was in full swing. But this time it was checked, and in the checking the Republic's first Cabinet took a step which is as important in the future of Spain as the actual Revolution itself. It would have been so easy to let the country fall back into anarchy, it was so hard to move in apparent opposition to the very liberty for which they stood. Out of the fire of the convents, the Cabinet, hitherto a collection of brilliant idealists and fierce individualists, arose as a governing group, able to see the salvation of the nation as more important than the aspirations of individuals or of parties, able even — and this to a Spanish mind is a true measure of its achievement — to see that salvation as more important than the preservation of a single abstract principle.

Since that May day when the Republic received its baptism of fire, many things have happened in Spain. Deputies were elected to the Constitutional Cortes, a constitution was made, and accepted. The leader of the first Cabinet was elected first President of the Republic, and installed in the palace of the ex-king. The Cortes which made the constitution turned itself into the first Cortes to act under the constitution, and after the inevitable political jockeying and playing hookey which followed as a reaction from the hard drive of the fall, it settled down to passing promised supplementary laws and considering national problems of long standing.

The extent of the achievement looms even

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larger if you realize that all this time the government was faced with strike after strike, riot after riot, and several of those revolutionary counterplots which go under the general name of "uprising." Machine guns rattled in the streets of Seville last summer, and people who insisted on being pedestrians were searched at every corner.

Enough work has been done, enough speeches have been made for and against that work, so that Spain's real wishes have begun to emerge. After enough people have said, "No, we don't want this or that" one gradually begins to form a picture of what they do want, and while it is never safe for a foreigner to generalize, there are a few broad lines of desire which can be roughly charted.

The New Constitution

For the last year those desires have been concentrated in the somewhat artificial channels of politics and economics. By and large the Spaniard is not so politically minded as the American is, but this past year his thoughts have run along political lines because certain vital details of his life became matters for political action. The fate of his church, the sanctity of his home, the kind of schools his children go to, even the cemetery he expects to be buried in, were affected by what happened in political assembly. Nor was his property exempt. Not only could the Cortes tax him as usual, but it might actually take away his inherited estates to nationalize them for the general public welfare.

The desires held officially by the Spanish Republic are outlined in that singular mixture of practical law and professed idealism which is the new Spanish constitution. After setting up as a form of government a "democratic republic of workers of all kinds" with a president, a Cortes of one chamber, and a Cabinet responsible to that Cortes, it goes on to provide for woman suffrage, education that is free, lay, and compulsory in the primary grades, divorce that is simple and decent. It specifies that the "family is under the special safeguarding of the state," that "matrimony is founded on equality of rights of both sexes," and that the Republic will "assure to every worker the conditions necessary for a worthy existence."

All this, it is perhaps needless to say, represents not so much the desire of every citizen of the Republic as the platform of the party in power. Yet even that is not quite accurate. The constitution was made by a Cortes consisting of 410 deputies from all parts of Spain. They were grouped together in some fourteen parties, varying in size from the Socialist, which had 116 members, to the Left Wing Alliance, which has 5 and is too small to be counted as an official parliamentary minority but also too noisy to be disregarded. In addition to party members there are 13 independent deputies, each representing a party with a name of its own; 23 are without classification, and 3 are listed as "without adherence."

Somehow these groups were combined into a majority large enough to pass article after article, and to approve the constitution as a whole. Only one or two of them were avowed monarchists. The nobility, the point of view of society, wealth, special privilege, intrenched interests, had little representation. The whole thing was colored by the exaggerated idealism of revolution, and ordered by the theories of the only party really organized, really able to count its strength and to depend on it, namely, the Socialists. Yet foreign alarmists who saw in the document a Socialist constitution were needlessly disturbed. It was the best the Socialists could do, but they were not pleased with it. At one exasperating moment a member of the Drafting Committee brought his bound copy down on the desk with a bang and exclaimed, "This is what always happens when anyone tries to insert a Socialist provision into a bourgeois constitution." In spite of its talk of nationalizing industry, of appropriating private property for the national good, this is no extremist document. It is, as its annoyed sponsor claimed, "a bourgeois constitution."

Perhaps its most important point of departure from the past, and one reason for its unpopularity, lies in the very fact that it is so definitely middle class. The bourgeoisie has never played a prominent rôle in Spain; indeed, it is frequently said that Spain's woes originate in the fact that she has no solid, stable middle class, that her people are either nobility or workers and peasants. Certainly the middle class as such has never had any special parliamentary consideration. Neither, for that matter, have the workers and peasants.

All of them, high, low, and middle, started right in to attack the new constitution with

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vivacity and enthusiasm, article by article and in entirety. Again Spain "did not want" this provision or that, "would not stand" for the whole conglomerate fabric. Again the directing geniuses at the head of the state got it through somehow, got that positive thing done. When Niceto Alcalá Zamora was actually elected president under its provisions and installed in the palace that had been the ex-king's residence, there was a parliamentary crisis and a Cabinet shake-up from which Premier Azaña emerged again Premier. He announced calmly that his government would present few changes, and that "rather than propose new social laws, this government will apply itself to making solid that legislation already obtained."

The Popular Leaders

Azaña is the present strong man of Spain, and what Azaña wants Spain is doing — with reservations. He is not a Socialist — his party is called Republican Action, and has only 30 members in the Cortes. He was Minister of War in the first Republican Cabinet, and author of the famous decree which took the army out of mischief (at least for the time being) by reducing it to half its strength and retiring the other half on full pay. He and his Cabinet want a balanced budget; an agrarian reform which shall be fair to the owners and satisfactory to the peasants; a statute providing home rule for Catalonia without disrupting the rest of Spain; a small, flexible, efficient army; a mobile Guardia Civil; development of water power and irrigation works which shall make for the development of industry and agriculture; schools and more schools.

Also they want power to put these things through, and in that they are opposed by Lerroux, the old chief of the Radical party, which has, next to the Socialists, the largest minority in the Cortes. Lerroux is a gallant old veteran of Republican agitation, a man thirty years older than Azaña who has never had from his country the recognition he and his followers believe his efforts deserve. He resigned from the Cabinet in December and retired into three months' silence, during which time his name was mentioned constantly as the next Premier. Yet when 40,000 people crowded into Madrid's bull ring to hear him break that strategic silence, he said only that he desired order, mutual tolerance, spiritual pacification. He was against the immediate balancing of the budget, against immediate agrarian reform, against any fundamental change, and the people cheered the familiar "I do not want. . . ."

No real national policy, no grasp of underlying problems, no deep comprehension of the dangers involved in Spain's present situation is apparent in Lerroux's speeches. A revolutionary all his life, he now represents a national yearning for peace and quiet, a feeling that the old ways are best, that the Socialists, with a power in the Cortes which is out of all real proportion to their real strength in the country, are going ahead too fast. In other words he is a soft cushion against which a people tired out with the supreme effort of revolution might choose to rest their weary heads.

But younger men would not let them rest long. There is Gil Robles, an Agrarian by party declaration in the Cortes, a self-elected champion of the extreme Catholic conservatives who started out to revise the constitution before it was finished and whose meetings were forbidden for the sake of public safety after the first two had resulted in riots and stoning. Gil Robles, too, is "against." He is against the separation of Church and state, against the one big school which he declares to be a "barracks for the turning out of Communists," against divorce, against the dissolution of the Jesuits, against the cutting off of state subsidies to the Church, against the secularization of the cemeteries. There are thousands in Spain who agree with him. But there are other thousands who are against his against-ness, and so windows and heads were broken until the government took a hand and forbade his meetings.

If Gil Robles represents the intrenched negative element, José Ortega y Gasset represents the progressive positive elements. Or better, he inspires them. It is a hard and thankless task to represent in individualistic Spain, and while Ortega y Gasset has a seat in the Cortes, and is leader of a party called Agrupación al Servicio de la República, his real place is on the outside commenting and inspiring. He analyzes, he dissects, he diagnoses, and then he prescribes. Steadily, brilliantly, he has worked for, and only incidentally against. In lucid, vivid prose he writes a series of newspaper articles "Toward a National Policy." His party's motto is "The Nation, and Work," and only Spain's most understanding friends are capable

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of knowing how deep that slogan goes.

The third element of agitation is the left wing, an amorphous left wing at present, all out of shape, its feathers blown every which way. Communists, Syndicalists, Anarchists make it up, with Anarcho-Syndicalists, Syndical-Communists, and various other shades and combinations of radicalism. Their labor organization has suffered severe losses since the Socialists have grown so strong, and Moscow scolded their Communist members publicly as untrained and inefficient. But Spain does not underestimate their potentialities. So far, they have been little more than scattered instruments of agitation, human bombs and dynamite caps. The question now is, can they draw laborers away from allegiance to the Socialist party, and can they develop or attract leaders as intelligent as those the Socialists have? If they can, then what they want will become increasingly important.

"Divided, We Stand"

If one strays from a discussion of what Spain wants into a detailing of what individuals want, it is because Spain, more than any other European country, is her individuals. Perhaps the only thing all Spaniards have in common — and even this generalization is made with a sense of daring the whirlwind — is the desire to be let alone that they may be themselves. Madariaga speaks of the "fanatic desire of every Spaniard for individual liberty." They resent interference of any sort with that liberty, yet state and Church have always interfered. So some of them attack the state and some attack the Church and of that quarrel alone there are infinite modern variations. They are deeply and truly desirous of peace, only they want their particular kind of peace.

So far as the rest of the world is concerned, they are in an excellent position to get it. Not since Joseph Bonaparte was thrown out of Spain more than a century ago has any other nation exhibited territorial designs on the peninsula. It is a stubborn and ungrateful square of land, and quite without thanks or even resignation so far as foreign invaders and foreign plans for its betterment are concerned. It has surrounded itself with a tariff wall almost as high as the Pyrenees themselves.

The Spanish land, the Spanish people will probably remain unmolested as long as they are out of the main current of trade and commerce. If that long-planned tunnel were dug under the Straits of Gibralter, if its railroads were of the same gauge as those of France so that it would be quicker if not cheaper to ship goods from Europe to Africa via Spain than to route them across the Mediterranean, Spain might expect a sudden activity in foreign relations. As it is, she is isolated, and let alone except for the ever-watchful eye of France, which is suspected of a secret hankering for Spain's share of Morocco if she could get it without too great a cost, and which has recently taken the precaution of lending Spain money and securing a commercial treaty on terms which are not too popular south of the Pyrenees.

Officially Spain belongs to the League of Nations, and through her delegate on the League Council she has played a brilliant part in recent negotiations. Constitutionally, she "renounces war as an instrument of the policy of the nation," and will order her international relations in accordance with the rule of the League for its member states. Actually she has little real interest in international affairs.

The Spain that once ruled most of Europe and held half of all that lay west of the Pillars of Hercules by gift from the Vicar of God, now works at home and is, on the whole, content. She has given over torturing dreams of her glorious past, she wastes no time on visions of world conquest in the near future. And yet for all that there is something inspiring about her, something beyond that ancient lure of the picturesque and the romantic which has delighted and deceived so many foreign travelers. She has seen her own problem and set out to solve it. She knows what she does not want, and that, they say, is the beginning of wisdom. She has no desire to be a great industrial power. She will not ape France, or the United States, or Italy, or even Russia. She does not even care very much what the rest of the world thinks of her, though she will protest against slander. For all her rigorous self-criticism, she has a deep faith in her own genius. To the underlying strength of her traditions, to the power of native inspiration which she has in such abundance, she is adding the steadying influence of scientific training and self-discipline. It is a combination which may develop a new influence in a tired world.

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Lady in the Legislature

Drawings by Donald McKay

by GERTRUDE BRYAN LEEPER

JUST why I decided to enter politics I am not sure, but I think it was because of my capacity for a varied life and my desire to penetrate another passage of our labyrinthine civilization. School-teaching, the newspaper business, ranching — I had tried them all. I had raised a son to manhood; I had kept house and cooked with the best of them. And now, having just conquered a nervous breakdown, I felt the need of another change of activity. So early one morning I left a cold snack in the ice box, locked the front door, and set out to walk into the Tenth Legislature of the State of Arizona.

I say "walk" advisedly, for my political campaign was in a large and literal sense a hiking tour. My district was made up of three precincts and several thousand voters. I had no money to pay for advertising and the general line of publicity hokum that goes to make a preëlection program. So I walked. This in an Arizona summer, with the thermometer over a hundred.

Intrepidly I rang my first door bell and was confronted by an impassive woman whose eyes dropped immediately to my hands to see what manner of household friend I was about to offer for sale. Seeing neither a combination egg-beater and carpet-sweeper nor the History of the World in one volume, a flicker of life passed over her face and she wished me good-morning. The greeting froze in mid-air, however, as she gingerly took my proffered card, and her face resumed its stoicism when I explained that I sought votes. She held the card in two stiff fingers, looking disapprovingly from it to me and back again as I talked to her. Finally I paused, waiting anxiously for a word of encouragement. Whereupon she said:

"Well, I'll take your card. I always do. But it will go into the wastebasket, just like the others."

My cards were few and precious, so I reached out, snatched the pasteboard from her ungracious fingers, and returned it to my bag. I found out later that this little act was a political *faux pas*, for the lady was to use her influence against me in the election. But at the time it was comforting.

Thus inauspiciously did my campaign open. Yet my next reception proved so warm that I all but wept with gratitude. Here a gray-haired native son opened the door and peered at me over steel-rimmed glasses. He was long and lean and his suspenders hung down over his trousers. His bare feet were thrust into worn slippers.

"Democrat, eh?" he said, looking at me with a pleasant twinkle. "Well, it's lucky for you, young woman" — he was at least eighty,

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and made me feel agreeably youthful — "It's shore lucky for you or you wouldn't have a chance with this outfit. But come in, come in, and don't be standing out in the sun."

He gave me a cool wicker chair, brought me a tall glass of lemonade, and I began to pray for an abundance of aging pioneers in my district. Then he sat down opposite me and began to recall such political history as made my generation seem like one of robots.

I could have stayed there, listening, until the primaries, but no such royal road to political success lay open to me, and reluctantly I rose to go. At the door my weather-beaten host wished me luck, and added, "Danged if I'd ever thought fifty years ago I'd be fixin' to vote a woman into office, but I'm mighty glad I lived to see the day of flyin' machines and radios and a lady in the legislature."

Campaign Chores

July dragged its weary way through the calendar, bringing hot nights and hotter days in its wake. And I dragged my weary way through July, my tired feet lifting me to door steps and my tired hands leaning heavily on door bells which cut the hot silence of midday with shrill, insistent calls. I never knew what adventure lay behind those doors. It was this lure of the unknown that kept me from then and there assigning to limbo my political aspirations.

I remember a house where a thin, bare-legged ten-year-old, whose mother was a "washer-lady," was playing nurse to a sickly looking brood of three youngsters. The three hot rooms were thick with dust and heavy with the stale odors of boiled clothes and fried bacon. I felt as if I were forcing my way through a wall of heat as I moved to the kitchen where the oldest girl sat on the floor bouncing a screaming baby and weeping from sheer weariness. Here were no visible votes, but much work to do, for the baby was plainly suffering from pains probably originating in the stomach. On a shelf covered with fly-specked newspapers I found some baking soda. There was no other remedy in sight; so I made the best of what I had, and before I left the baby was in comparative peace again. The other children ushered me with silent amazement out of the door.

Not only colicky babies turned my thoughts from the legislature to the sick bed; there were rooms where men lay with their hot, infected blood beating at their temples, and the yellow, terrifying cough rattling in their throats. There were too many of these, alas, and not enough octogenarians with cool lemonade and yarns of the old frontier.

There were humorous moments, too — at least humorous in retrospect — such as when a plump little woman assured me, after she saw my card, that she had known at once that I was a Democrat, and when I pressed her for the secret of her power, confessed with a giggle that Democrats always looked so much more common than Republicans.

Early in the campaign I went to my first political rally. All of the state and county candidates were there. There was much oratory and plenty of ice cream for the perspiring candidates and their constituents. Just before my turn to speak came around I heard a feminine candidate from another district whisper that I was a wolf in sheep's clothing; that I was, in short, a Republican. I walked to the platform with an uneasy tread, but by the time I reached the water pitcher I had made up my mind to have it out then and there. So I confessed before all those sturdy sons of Jefferson that I had indeed been rocked in a Republican cradle, but that since I had had the privilege of voting my ballot had been cast for my adopted party. Nevertheless, in making my confession I had evidently been guilty of a gross breach of etiquette, for my friends crowded about me and demanded to know "Why. . . .?" I went home tired and disconsolate, feeling that my political future was in the hands of a receiver.

July moved into August. I walked, it seemed, ten thousand miles. I hated it with a growing hatred. I hated asking people to vote for me. I felt that I was infringing on their independence of judgment. But I had to play the game according to the rules; so I rang bells, wilted visibly in the heat — and walked.

Before me went one of my two masculine opponents, and everywhere I came I found his cards. One day I met him, and he assured me that he had found all of eight people in the district who said they were going to vote for me.

Yet when I thought I had come to the jumping-off place, when I wanted nothing in the world for the rest of my days but quiet and shade and solitude, the day of the primary

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elections — September 8 — concluded the monotony of campaigning. I sat near the telephone pretending that I was calm, admitting that I wanted the nomination but trying to believe that it was of no great consequence.

A friend called me. "Peggy," she said, "you know I want to go out and vote, but I haven't a maid any more and there's no one to leave with the babies."

"Well, you're going to vote," I assured her, and in fifteen minutes she was driving to the polls while I was making what were meant to be amusing faces for her youngest child. My friend's breakfast dishes were drying on the table and her beds, I noticed, were still unmade. So were my own, for that matter, and my sink was piled full, too. But while I had been too restless to do my own housework, the untidy condition of my friend's rooms distressed me, so I plunged my hands into steaming water and forgot my nervousness in the rattle of dishes.

The day seemed to crawl more slowly than the month of July had crawled. Endless it seemed — but it ended. Too tired to care very much, I answered the ring of the telephone, realizing that here was the answer to weeks of work. The voice was that of one of my two opponents — not the one who found eight votes for me in my district.

"Mrs. Leeper," the dear man said, "let me congratulate you on your victory; you have won the nomination from your district almost two to one!"

And so on November fourth, at the end of the general election (as I said, mine was a Democratic district), I found myself a member-elect of the Tenth Legislature of Arizona, the Lady from Maricopa, District Seven.

A Freshman in Politics

On Sunday afternoon, January eleventh, the party called a caucus at the capitol. This was an exclusively Democratic gathering. Republicans, of whom there were but twelve in a legislative body of sixty-two, were conspicuously absent from the tenth as they had been from all preceding caucuses, knowing full well the futility of their presence. For even the Hoover landslide, two years before, had failed to sweep a Republican majority into the legislative chambers of Arizona.

We met, then, on this Sunday afternoon for the important purpose of electing the Speaker of the House, and I found myself appointed one of the three tellers. Actually we might as well have played golf in our famous January sunshine or stayed at home. For the election was a perfect set-up. Days before the meeting was called, the powers-that-be had settled that H—— was to be Speaker, and the candidate I was pledged to support hadn't a chance. At that he might have upset the pre-caucus "dope" if the Maricopa delegation of twenty-two had stuck together, but this was an unheard-of achievement.

The next morning I met H—— downtown and was greeted with a most genial smile and the astonishing question, "What committees do you want?"

"Since I did not support you," I assured him, "I shall of course be very grateful for anything you choose to give me."

Whether the Speaker of the House wished to ingratiate himself with the Lady from the Seventh Maricopa or whether he was just naturally a magnanimous fellow I am not prepared to say. In any event, he appointed me chairman of the Enrolling and Engrossing Committee, "because," he said, "you are educated"! and gave me a place on the Committee of Ways and Means from which I later obtained a transfer to Public Institutions — on the Child Welfare Committee and the Committee of Public Health.

It was an exciting day for me. My desk was covered with flowers and congratulatory telegrams; I fairly glowed with pleasure. Politicians milled about the lobby; spectators buzzed and fluttered in the gallery; attachés and clerks dashed importantly and rather aimlessly from one spot to another, seldom choosing a straight line as their route. The august, profound, and dignified legislative body was convened for the tenth time in regular session, and I sat, tense and keyed-up, thinking of what a tremendous responsibility rested on me as a representative from Maricopa.

For three weeks we met and adjourned, met and adjourned. This, I came to learn, was what is commonly known in official parlance as "organization work," and in the camaraderie of the corridors as "stalling." Then came a deluge of bills. The new members were the goats. They were asked to introduce every kind of bill, from an act to adopt a state bird to an-

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other involving the contents of mattresses. And they dared not refuse, because they thought a legislator's duties included standing godmother or godfather to the individual and collective sense and nonsense of their entire constituency.

Thus one member introduced a bill providing that barbers should be required to have a high-school education. Sixty-two legislators serving at fifteen dollars a day, and their attachés, clerks, stenographers, and readers receiving daily salaries ranging from five to ten dollars, spent half a day arguing the relative merits of literacy and comparative illiteracy for barbers. In the end progress and culture won, and the bill passed.

With a concentration well becoming so serious a business we adopted as our state bird the cactus wren, otherwise known, if you please, as *Heleodytes brunneicapillus couesi* (Sharpe).

And early in the proceedings a representative from Yavapai County arose, greatly perturbed, to beg for immediate relief for the Pioneers' Home in Prescott where a vast and ruthless army of bedbugs was destroying the peace and shaking the equilibrium of the inmates. Now here was a matter of real moment, and the Speaker recognized the seriousness of the situation and acted without delay. We went up to look into this business, this distressing business of the unspeakable bedbugs. There were eight of us on the investigating committee: four women and a man from the House and three men from the Senate. We were instructed to bring back evidence, and we did. Two genuine bedbugs I carried back from the mountains to our Speaker's desk; intact in all their undeniable strength and questionable beauty, I preserved them in half an ounce of *Parfum Fleur d'Amour*.

By this time we had gathered our momentum and we were getting on in truth like a House afire. Every representative was pushing his way to the front and demanding his share of attention. One gentleman, also from Maricopa, feeling that his legislative career lacked verve, startled us one day by introducing a bill to repeal the Swing-Johnson measure, an act of the Federal Congress. When I asked him privately why he proposed state action on a federal bill, he replied that he merely sought a little publicity.

An Unruly Session

The proposed measures which probably aroused more debate, choler, and pleasantry, both in the House and from the press and public, were the Divorce Bill, which was to pit Arizona against Nevada for the singular championship which has been Reno's so long; the bill on prohibition which was to grant the state enforcement powers equal to those of the Federal Government; a bill which provided for a state income tax; and an appropriation bill which asked for funds to establish a rest home for women temporarily deranged through specific causes such as childbirth, overwork, malnutrition, or menopause.

The first bill originated in the Senate and was introduced by a gentleman from Santa Cruz, one of the border counties and province of Nogales; the second and fourth I introduced. The Divorce Bill was finally killed in the same chambers where it first saw light. Under its provisions misunderstood husbands and neglected wives could "take the cure" in Arizona just as conveniently as in Nevada, and enjoy *more* sunshine, *more* golf, and *better* grapefruit than Reno could offer in a month of Sundays; and for their playground, there was Nogales.

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There was heavy lobbying on this bill and a very methodical campaign in its favor. A prominent attorney sent out a series of letters, one of which I received. In it my correspondent enumerated the benefits that would accrue to our state if we legislators passed the bill. The hotels, he pointed out, would be filled; grocers would employ any number of extra clerks; beauty shops would thrive; doctors would have additional bones to mend and tonsils to extract; and as for the restaurant business, it would improve beyond all things. In brief, the letter proved that every honest tradesman in the state, from the butcher to the florist, would wallow in prosperity. The writer omitted only one profession from the list of beneficiaries. That, strangely enough, was the law.

If the Divorce Bill caused a furore, House Bill 111 which I introduced all but precipitated a riot. It put no new obstacles in the paths of Arizona's home-brew artists, but, being another prohibition measure, it was like the proverbial red-flag-and-bull combination. Ten minutes after the reading of the bill the House was in an uproar. Accusations, recriminations, and challenges flew about indiscriminately. In the midst of the uproar stood our wild-eyed Speaker, his white hair flying, his always ruddy face ablaze, his arms waving. On the floor stood the Gentleman from Coconino, defending my bill. The epithets that flew between them burned a sizzling if invisible pathway through the air. The Speaker demanded a vote that very afternoon to determine whether House Bill 111 should go to the Enrolling and Engrossing Committee.

"If the damn thing passes this afternoon," he shouted, "I mean to see that every member of this House is in his or her seat to-morrow to vote on it. I'll show the people of Arizona what a bunch of hypocrites you are — voting dry and drinking wet!"

But when the next day came around, and the hour for taking the vote arrived, our good Speaker was absent! Pandemonium reigned again. He *must* be found and brought in. I begged that for once personalities be disregarded, and asked that in lieu of all other business the roll call be taken. The request was granted. Most of the members wanted to explain their votes, and did. (A Tucson newspaper man described the scene thusly for his journal: "It is reported that the Senate was in session to-day. But why should anyone sit in the Senate gallery when the House is holding such an excellent two-ring circus . . . ?")

At eleven o'clock in the morning, with every member of the House spent from battle, House Bill 111 passed by a vote of thirty to twenty-four. At one o'clock, immediately after the Senate had met, the lone Republican Senator moved that the bill be indefinitely postponed. The motion was carried. Two days later the bill was revived for consideration. Hundreds of men and women over the state worked for its passage, but very few of the Senators voted for it, and a large number of others managed to be out at roll call. And that was the end of House Bill 111.

The last day of the regular session of the Tenth Legislature witnessed a fracas almost as bitter. This time the storm broke over House Bill 21, designed to amend a notorious ninth Legislature tax survey measure. This was a symbol of Arizona's state-old fight between the agricultural and mining interests. The Senate had passed a bill fathered by the latter group, and the other faction offered number 21 in opposition. For five minutes the House was shaken by the most vituperative battle that even the oldest of the legislative veterans could remember.

Up in the gallery the excitement equaled the hubbub on the floor. Hanging over the balcony rail, the largest and the most faithful of the Gallery Goddesses, who never missed a session, flung bits of advice in the form of fluttering notes which came in a pale, intermittent wake from her hand to the harassed legislators.

In the thick of the combat were the youngest member and the Speaker, the former white-faced, shaking, and thundering an obbligato to the latter's screaming voice. The youngest member was demanding a complete call of the House.

"You'll have to bring a member back from California!" the Speaker yelled.

"I don't care!" The youngest member gave

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him yell for yell. "I want a call of the House. You had one the other day on a bill *you* were interested in. I demand one now."

There was a deafening noise of falling chairs, overturned wastebaskets, mounting, articulate anger.

"You're out of order!"

"I'm not!"

"You're out of order! Sit down."

"You held the House fifteen minutes the other day to get an absent member. Are you going to discriminate?"

Recriminations collided in the charged atmosphere. "Steam-roller methods!" "Personal privilege!" "Shut up!" "Let's adjourn *sine die*."

The wave of fury finally broke itself against the roll call, and the bill passed. The passage was, however, no more than a gesture of defiance, for the measure was not expected to see, as indeed it did not see, the light of day in the Senate.

Filibustering

Of the bills which I introduced — and they all passed the House — none was so close to my heart as the last one. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that it would be a splendid and merciful act to provide for women who become temporarily deranged a shelter apart from the general asylum; to spare them, when they emerge from the mental wilderness where they were lost for a little while, the discovery that they have been living in the world of the mad. My colleagues in the House seemed to share my feeling about the measure, for it passed almost unanimously. I was elated, for I had been assured that it would meet with equal favor in the Senate. But when it reached that august body it was solemnly laid to rest on the desk of a prominent Senator, where it remained until the end of the session.

Meeting one of the members of the upper house in the elevator, I said, "My bill for the rest home — I suppose it's dead?"

"Quite," he assured me, pointing to a box under his arm. "Dead as a door nail — with all the others."

"No deader than the Senators," I answered.

Then came the last weary day, the sixty-third, and the third consecutive night of the session. I closed tired lids over my aching eyes. I felt utterly spent in body and spirit, and my soul was sick when I reviewed the activity of this august body of which I had been a member. I recalled how we milled about for a month, introducing bills right and left, adjourning on the slightest pretext, declaring holidays with gusto, until it had finally dawned on the majority of novices that they were being taken for a ride. Then, when the old-timers had decided that they were ready for business, the sifting committees got busy and an avalanche of political power descended on the bills that we, the uninitiated members, had been persuaded to introduce.

I leaned back wearily in my seat as the hour approached midnight and said to myself, "What we need is a legislative holiday, and during this holiday we need to bend all our energies to the end that the citizens of these United States may be brought to realize that legislation is a serious business and must not be left to the unscrupulous politicians who are all too eager to assume the burden of law-making."

Midnight was close upon us. We were leaving behind a long calendar of unfinished business, but all things must come to an end. With two other women I comprised a committee to wait upon the Governor and advise him of our readiness to adjourn. He told us that he had no further business, and we informed the Speaker to that effect. The fighting boss of the House turned the gavel over to the oldest member.

The Republican leader rose.

"I move you, Sir," he said, "that the Arizona House of Representatives be now adjourned *sine die*."

The motion was seconded.

The gavel fell, sounding a peremptory note of dismissal. The new day was six minutes old. I made my obeisance to the walls which had been silent witnesses of so much cunning, so much chicanery, so much folly, and so much courage. I dropped a curtsy to the gallery, and especially to the seat that had unfailingly held the large and faithful body of the most articulate and intrepid of the spectators, who had sat through each day's business and voiced her opinion of us all in the teeth of a despairing sergeant-at-arms.

I walked from the hall into the lofty rotunda, and out into the cool, clean night. "I have been young, and now I am old," I thought sadly, and turned my face to the sleeping city, and toward home.

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Getting Down to Earth

by **C. J. THORNQUEST**

ONE THIRD of a million of us are graduating this June to swell the ranks of the unemployed. We've had four merry years in the cloistered halls of learning and now it is time to face the facts. While we've played and absorbed culture, the world outside has gotten into a mess. It's for us either to increase the severity of the situation or to do what we can to better it. For better or for worse, our alma maters are spewing us forth, the salt of the earth, supposedly prepared to lead society.

But how well prepared are we? Our class is the full-flowered result of the Jazz Age. As we look back upon the wild decade of the Twenties, when we were growing up, it becomes a marvelous thing that we have any sense at all. Material success was the goal set up for our adolescent aspirations. And one of the best means to gain economic security, we were told, was to get a college education. It did not matter so much how well we were suited for such a course, nor what sort of a college it was; the important thing for each and every one was to get a degree tacked after his name, no matter what the means. So here we are — but we've been sold short; the only values we had, financial success, have been smashed. We've got to make something out of nothing.

Yet my particular position has been more fortunate than that of most. I am graduating in company with eleven others from a small state institution in the Middle West. We have lived for four years in a fine fraternity house which a prominent member of the faculty has called the best assemblage of brains on the campus. Four of us stand high in the business school; two have been outstanding athletes as well as scholars, and expect to coach; one has received an appointment to a foreign graduate school, a Phi Bete, and will eventually teach French; one wants to become a scene designer for the theater; two are aspiring publishers; and finally, two are going to scribble or teach English.

Furthermore, we've taken our education seriously, at least for the last two years. We have known what we were getting into. Controversies have waxed hot around the chapter hearth as we decided the triumph of materialism with sophomoric sincerity. Last year, when the varsity catcher was enlisted by the recruiting agent of a large concern in preference to all the other members of his class — some of them honor students — because the company needed him for their baseball team and not because of his business ability, some of us hailed the incident with glee as a delicious satire upon business methods in general. Oh yes, making a living has never worried me very much. Bread lines have seemed far away as I sat around a fraternity banquet table. As I glanced at the world outside it seemed to me that the depression was a good thing; it was all part of a necessary readjustment. The important thing to me was learning how to live. The greatest service a man could do for himself or for society was to see that his mind and spirit were well cultured; the finest sort of an organism could grow from such a preparation. I've tried to build up my own ideals and to live them.

But I'm facing reality; I've got to make a living. What are my chances and the chances of others? The field of business is certainly closed. I have no contacts; my father is a business man on a salary and he may not have it long. Furthermore, how can a fanciful Liberal Arts graduate expect to compete with last year's and this year's crops of experts in

Members of the graduating class of every college in the country were invited recently to send in to The Forum brief statements of their plans for the future, describing the manner in which they propose to meet the pressure of hard times and their views on the state of the world in which they find themselves. This essay was chosen as typical, and at the same time the most constructive, of the many received. It was written by a senior in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

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advertising, accountancy, and marketing, let alone the millions of experienced unemployed? The professions might hold some hope, cluttered as they are, were it not for the long years of graduate work and apprenticeship that are required. How am I going to eat in the meanwhile? Agnostic that I am, I have thought seriously of turning to the church — she at least supports her workers — but such a course is simply too hypocritical if I am to believe what I have spent four years to learn. There's bootlegging or operating a speakeasy, but that requires capital. There might be possibilities in politics. Entering the government is common in England for second sons or men with their living to make, but here the blunt-toed, derbied, cigar-chewing ward heeler has no place for a whippersnapper fresh out of college. Publishing would be a field, but books and magazines are always the first luxuries to go in such times as these. The trades are closed to me — I'm an educated man, ready to take my place as a leader in society, not as a worker in it.

In short, my particular inclinations and best prospects seem to lie in the direction of teaching English. But nothing seems more futile to me than poor English teachers; they have merited the scorn directed at them by "practical men" who say incapables turn to this means because they can make a living in no other way. This is true in many cases, largely because of the educational system of graduate schools. The criterion in choosing a professor is the number of important degrees after his name, not his knowledge of what constitutes the best life. I've been in school for sixteen years, learning how to live — now I want to practice living, for how else can I hope to teach others this most difficult of all arts with any success?

But I thought that this was one time to sublimate my ideals. Perhaps it would be better to germinate a little longer in the comfortable womb of education. So I applied for positions in graduate schools for which I am qualified, with the natural result. Men who have been in active life, or who already hold two or three degrees, have returned to faculties to snap up the available fellowships and foundation funds. Then, too, thousands of junior professors and graduate assistants have been cut from faculties because of reduced budgets. These have been pared in the state institutions because the legislatures could not maintain the dispensations gained from taxation. Full-time professors will take the place of instructors next year to teach elementary courses at greatly reduced salaries.

Well, there's the situation; the black clouds are banked up heavily, and the lightning strikes in June. Before that event I might blow my brains out, after leaving the request that my coveted sheepskin be placed in the folded hands of my remains. Or I might take to the road. However, the royal road to romance is closed. For the first time in our history there are more people leaving the country than there are immigrants. Conditions are worse abroad than they are here. So I was desperate, and I thought long and hard. Now I have a plan.

This summer I'm going out to see why some renters are not making any money from the farm our family owns. I'm going back to the soil. I won't expect to make a profit, and life will be coarse and crude. I'm aware that this beautiful pastoral dream has been considered before, but this time I'm going to test it. I'll have a home I can call my own. I can plant my feet solidly on the earth, throw back my head in the good clean air, and know that I can start to build my life with the basic elemental things. What's more, I won't starve. Of course, there won't be symphonies, or theaters, or parties, or fine cars; only a Ford, a horse, a dog, and a few books. I'll have things that neither God, the Devil, nor man can take away from me.

I'm the salt of the earth, am I? All right, I'm going back to it. It's obvious that there are not enough means to satisfy the expensive materialistic tastes that have been ingrained into us with the aid of the educational system. I'm going to accept defeat, but I'll gain a greater victory. This country is a democracy; every man is supposedly as good as his brother — that's why so many of us poor fools have been deluded into bartering our souls for a college education. But in a democracy a man is the master of his own soul. I propose to direct mine back to the soil where my spirit can be free and my body can be healthy. We graduates of '32 have been trying to learn about spirit without any foundation of matter. The backbone of a nation is its yeoman class and we have all been educated out of that class. We must return to it to build an enduring America.

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Midsummer Radio Fare

by **CYRUS FISHER**

I THINK it is about time we stopped worrying about the paucity of intellectual fare emanating from our loudspeakers. In most forms of entertainment — literature, music, drama, opera, even the movies — there is, it is true, a time for gayety and a time for philosophy, a time to laugh and a time to think. But, because it depends upon and serves such an incalculably great mass audience, I doubt if the radio will ever be successful as a true and natural medium for the profound. No one complains because Ibsen is not regularly played in vaudeville houses. Then why should we bewail the absence of a weekly Einstein hour on the air?

This should be recognized, or at least considered, despite the hearty assurances to the contrary by distinguished gentlemen with a public-relations background. Where the radio should excel is in developing great comic types, good melodrama, and popular minstrels. But it cannot even do that until radio executives discard their pretentions of grandeur, until sponsors understand that humor, especially, is a fragile thing not to be encumbered with stodgy commercials and bleating, sententious announcers. Fortunately, a few of the programs are at last beginning to sense their true field. This trend is especially apparent in the offerings listed below. It is why, regardless of the degree of their success, they are brought to your attention as forerunners of what may yet become very satisfactory entertainment.

An Unencumbered Zany

ED WYNN *and the Texaco Fire-Chief Band*, with Ed Wynn, Don Vorhee's band, and male chorus.

Graham McNamee, announcer, frantically assisted by Wynn. Ed Wynn, entertainment continuity. (According to N.B.C. policy, technicians names are not to be released on any program.) Sponsored by Texas Petroleum Products Company. Only 48 seconds of undiluted advertising and 1 minute, 20 seconds of advertising horridly diluted by Mr. Wynn. Remaining time Wynn, bang-up band numbers, and male chorus. N.B.C. WEAF network. 9:30–10:00 P.M. (Eastern Daylight Saving Time) every Tuesday. Because of the latitude offered their unencumbered comedian, the sponsors should be complimented as much as Mr. Wynn on their mutual success. They give Mr. Wynn the show; as long as he has it I know what gasoline I am going to buy.

Ed Wynn appears seven times on this half-hour program, averaging two minutes for each performance. This includes a riotous 80-second interval when he helps Graham NcNamee with the advertising message. By the time Mr. McNamee gets untangled from Mr. Wynn, that blank erruption on the average program, the commercial credit, has painted its nose, put on slap-stick shoes, forgotten its dignity, and made radio history. As Ed Wynn's continually perplexed stooge, Mr. McNamee may at last be congratulated upon finding his true niche. He hesitates, stops, jumps ahead, deftly interrupts, and, all in all, does the usually thankless job as foil for the principal comedian in a slick and urbane manner which only increases the general air of completely insane hilarity.

Ed Wynn's high-pitched giggle, the furious incompetence of his thoughts as he strives to give them expression, the awful tangle of his speech are all picked up by the microphone and given a maniacal metallic humor which exceeds even his stage appearance. Only during the first performance was there any indication of nervousness before the little black box. Even then, his account of an opera concerning the adventures of a man with a wooden leg who did not know he was shot until the wind whistled through the wooden hole, complicated by musical interludes by Don Vorhee's band and McNamee's futile attempts to make meaning out of sheer madness, may well become a radio classic. Every succeeding broadcast increases the pitch of comedy. Even the male chorus is happily infected.

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If any criticism were to be offered, and only a radio critic with a poor digestive apparatus would do so, it might be pointed out that there is an occasional similarity, and therefore momentary confusion of identity, between Wynn's normal voice and that of McNamee's. This is forgotten as soon as the Perfect Fool's voice cork-screws upward and he again becomes Ed Wynn. On the stage there is no necessity to maintain the hysterical falsetto every second, but the microphone is more sensitive.

Culinary Comics

BILLY JONES *and Ernie Hare*, supported by unfeatured orchestra.

Ted Jewett, announcer. Sponsored by Best Foods, Incorporated. Averages 2 minutes, 30 seconds advertising. Remaining time song and patter, vaudeville style. N.B.C. WJZ network. 7:45–8:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Jones and Hare have been doing it since 1925 but jokes, as well as wines, often improve with age.

Chase and Sanborn Hour, built around either Harry Richman, George Jessel, or Eddie Cantor with guest soloist and Rubinoff's orchestra.

James Wallington, announcer. Sponsored by Standard Brands, Incorporated. Advertising time irregular — between 6 and 9 minutes. Remaining time song and patter, night club style. Sugared with orchestra and a dash of guest singer. N.B.C. WEAF network. 8:00-9:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) every Sunday. One of the rare hour programs. Like Sevruga caviar, more to be cherished for its rarity than flavor.

Jones and Hare are favored with a lively chef in the form of Ted Jewett, who knows how to mix his two comics and commercials in a peppery and casual fashion. Messrs. Cantor, Jessel, and Richman have taken turns on the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Mr. Richman does not seem to rely so much upon those amusing little nods, rolling of eyes, gesticulations, and Swedish calisthenics of his worthy confrères to put over his act. The microphone, being blind, as has been remarked before, discriminates accordingly against the two prosperity boys and puts a hefty wallop behind Richman's molasses-cookie voice.

Both programs follow the to-be-encouraged tendency of delicately thumbing their noses at the commercials. Jones's and Hare's patter has worn thin in spots but their trick songs, abetted by saucy music, make a good dessert. The Chase and Sanborn program is one of the four transcontinentals providing the radio with an excuse for existence on Sundays.

Summer Burlycue

EVER-READY *Radio Gaieties*, with Belle Baker, the Four Eaton Boys, "X3X," and Jack Denny's Mt. Royal orchestra.

Louis Dean, announcer; Mann Holiner, continuity and direction; Tom Burn, Jr., production. Paul La Porte, microphone controls. Sponsored by Ever-Ready Razor Company. 5 minutes, 40 seconds advertising time including one exhausting middle commercial. Good barber-shop harmony sandwiched between two interruptions by comedienne Baker. C.B.S. 9:00–9:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) every Sunday. Not absolutely essential but if your radio is on don't bother to dial it off.

Mann Holiner's farce continuity is better than his direction. The program of a music background, a quartet, a comedy skit, and a vaudeville name is not new. Belle Baker carries a torch in a handy manner, but it doesn't always burn. Since Miss Baker sings close to the microphone, she could be more careful when singing in her higher register, and particularly in her climaxes. They are likely to produce a faintly blasting effect which does listeners little good.

I see no logical reason why the sponsors must conceal one of their program's principal assets under the meaningless pseudonym, "X3X." In some obtuse manner it may be supposed to further the commercial tie-in. It makes me very mad. That magnificently tired and luscious voice of "X3X" has a deliberately, idiotically superior quality which charms me mightily. When the Four Eaton Boys dig in and start their close harmony, they, combined with "X3X," rescue the Ever-Ready Gaieties and give it a nostalgic kinship to those harmony spots of the old Columbia burlesque wheel. Perhaps that is why the Ever-Ready receives listing here. No matter; at least listen once for "X3X."

An American Phenomenon

THE FLEISCHMANN HOUR, with Rudy Vallée, master of ceremonies Ray Perkins, guest artists, and Connecticut Yankees.

Graham McNamee, announcer. Sponsored by Standard Brands, Incorporated. One solid hour Vallée, orchestra, and guest hour with a courteous pre-announced commercial interruption at half-hour signal. N.B.C., WEAF network. 8:00-9:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) every Thursday. I recommend Vallée,

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and if your husband tries to be sarcastic, retaliate by interrupting when he listens to "Joe Palooka."

Mr. Vallée, no matter how musically gifted, has no sense of humor whatsoever — see his autobiography, published two years ago. This deficiency may explain the antagonism of a large masculine audience.

Nevertheless, on the other hand, Vallée is *not* a crooner. Listen carefully to Crosby or Miller and you will appreciate the difference. Vallée is an anachronism — a minstrel with a Yankee background in a mechanical age. The result is, naturally, astoundingly ludicrous at times. He has the flexible voice and tonal range of a balladist without volume. Originally he employed the megaphone to cover this weakness. There is no need of a megaphone with a microphone. Of late, he has been shrewd enough to realize this. He has emerged from the influence of Charles Keley's and Al Bernard's drippy style of singing. He has abstained from some of those nasal tonal effects he was formerly so proud of. Now he is beginning to sing as he should, with lilting, ballad-like simplicity.

Rudy Vallée has worked hard with his Connecticut Yankees. Together they have developed a beautiful, slow, swing-rhythm movement which a number of other orchestra leaders have been only too pleased to copy. His Fleischmann Hour bears the same evidence of Yankee shrewdness in the matter of pleasing numbers, brief comments on the songs, judicious selection of guest artists, a not-too-deadly master of ceremonies, and a firm-handed restriction of commercials that has helped him weave his way past an enormous amount of prejudice. It is not so much his popularity; it is his Yankee ability in maneuvering against so confoundedly many handicaps, that makes him an American phenomenon.

From the Comic Pages

Joe Palooka, with Ted Bergman, Frank Readick, and grand cast.

Harry Von Zell, commercial announcer. Ted Husing, dramatic announcer. Backus assisted by Fisher, continuity. Frost, direction and production. La Porte, microphone controls. Nichols, sound effects. Warnow and orchestra, background and blending music. 3 minutes of advertising. Remaining time serial comic strip. C.B.S., 6:45–7:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) every Tuesday and Thursday. Newest of the comic strips. Fathers will like it as much as the children. Women may wonder what it is all about.

Skippy, with unannounced juvenile cast under ten years.

According to N.B.C. officials, ". . . client's contract with Percy Crosby prohibits making public names of characters in radio show." 2 minutes, 45 seconds advertising. Remaining time juvenile comic strip. N.B.C., WEAF network in East and Middle West (C.B.S. on Pacific Coast with R.C.A. records taken from actual broadcasts). 5:15-5:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Some children may like "Skippy" as well as their parents do. Others will read "The Katzenjammers" and listen to "Joe Palooka."

Sponsors have at last discovered that they have a ready-made audience among millions accustomed to following the comic strips. Soon we may have all of the newspaper grotesqueries on the air; already there are such regional broadcasts as "Tillie the Toiler," "Tarzan," "Little Orphan Annie," "Harold Teen," and the comparatively new transcontinentals, "Joe Palooka" and "Skippy." Both of these last two programs are important and interesting because their appeal is based predominantly upon humor, the first of situation, the second of character, with comparatively minor emphasis upon dramatic incident.

Ted Bergman as "Joe Palooka" is a find. His sharply etched characterization of the ivory-endowed prizefighter is insidiously realistic. He restrainedly exaggerates the type he portrays. This is combined with a slow, halting, shaded reading of his lines which almost lifts "Joe Palooka" out of broad comedy into social satire.

I think the best criticism of "Skippy" may be found in the advertisement of the sponsor: "Mothers! Dads! Here's One Radio Program You'll Want Your Child to Hear" and "Your Child Will Love to Listen to 'Skippy.' Superb Radio Dramatization of Percy Crosby's Immortal Character. A Great Adventure in Fun. A Great Character Building Force Free from Objectionable Situations." Perhaps my character does not need any more building. Or I may be habituated to objectionable situations. However, I suggest you listen to both "Joe Palooka" and "Skippy" if comedy impresses you, despite the clammy streak of sentimentality in the latter which almost prevented it from being listed.

Cyrus Fisher's Comments on Radio Programs Will Appear Each Month

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Where sunshine, health and travel thrills abound!

"Groote Constantia"—a classic example of old Dutch architecture in South Africa.

There's no better way to get a fresh start and a good new grip on life than to take this *real* vacation—First, the restful sea trip, renowned as "the world's fair-weather voyage." Then step ashore in a new and mysterious country, with its bracing climate, and wander leisurely among strange and fascinating scenes!

SOUTH AFRICA

offers fresh travel thrills amid the marvels of nature and man—historic Cape Peninsula, with its charming homes and gardens; matchless Victoria Falls; the cryptic ruins of Zimbabwe, the fairy-like Cango Caves, the famous Valley of Diamonds at Kimberley, the mile-and-a-half deep gold mines at Johannesburg; the glorious Drakensberg Mountains, Kruger National Park, the world's greatest natural "zoo"; and all the picturesque phases of Bantu life—Zulu war dances, witch doctors and ancient tribal ceremonies.

Seaside resorts and modern country clubs provide delightful recreation.

South Africa is easy to reach at moderate cost and you can travel with all the comfort of modern hotels, railroads and motor highways.

A Zulu girl crushing corn

Waterbuck in the Kruger National Park

For full information address

Thos. Cook & Son
587 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

or

American Express Company
65 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

or any office of

Thos. Cook & Son

or the

American Express Company

Worth Listening to

Radio programs previously recommended in THE FORUM include:

The Chesterfield Quarter Hour, with Alex Gray, or the Boswell Sisters, or Ruth Etting, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. C.B.S. Every night except Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday, 10:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Camel and Lucky Strike programs are giving Chesterfield a great run, but the latter, because of its smart variety for all tastes, is slightly ahead.

Myrt and Marge, with Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel. C.B.S. Every night except Saturday and Sunday, 7:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Still the best dramatic strip.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, with Richard Gordon and Leigh Lovell. N.B.C. WJZ network. Wednesday, 9:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) The standard of this program dropped during the interlude when Kipling stories were dramatized, but it has resumed its old thrill with the reappearance of Sherlock Holmes.

Paul Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains. N.B.C. WJZ network. Friday, 10:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Whiteman's material is now even more interesting than when he was on the Old Gold program.

The Voice of Firestone, with Lawrence Tibbett, N.B.C. WEAF network. Monday, 8:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Tibbett makes this program enjoyable.

The Goodyear Program, with operatic stars and the Revelers' quartet. N.B.C. WEAF network, 9:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Operatic talent of notable quality, plus the pleasing Revelers.

The First Nighter, starring June Meredith. N.B.C. WJZ network. Saturday, 9:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Good dramatic material written directly for the radio, with an experienced and talented cast.

Ben Bernie and His Blue Ribbon Orchestra. C.B.S. Tuesday, 9:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) The old maestro almost lives up to his publicity.

Also, for those interested, some of the more prominent summer orchestras not featured on large sponsored programs are listed below. Eastern Daylight Saving Time is indicated.

Russ Columbo and his orchestra, Sunday, 11:15–11:30 P.M. Crooner and competent support.

Coon-Sanders' orchestra. C.B.S. Wednesday, Friday, 11:30–12:00 P.M.; Saturday, 11:00–11:30 P.M. Low-down rhythm.

Claude Hopkins' orchestra. C.B.S. Every night except Saturday and Sunday, 1:00–1:30 A.M. One of the better midnight orchestras. Worth tuning in on — but softly: remember the neighbors.

Johnny Hamp and his orchestra. N.B.C. WEAF network. Thursday, 12:00–12:30 A.M. Good music, but hard to dance to.

Paul Specht's orchestra. C.B.S. Monday, 1:30–2:00 A.M.; Friday, 12:30–1:00 A.M. Too much faking; go back to sleep.

WHERE-TO-GO

Hotel, Resort, and Travel Department
1906 - Every Month in 7 Magazines - 1932

NEW HAMPSHIRE

COOL SUNSHINE

Yes, our sunshine is cool in New Hampshire. Filtered into leafy designs by giant trees or reflected in liquid gold from glistening lakes, New Hampshire sunshine urges you outdoors ... urges you to enjoy fine golf courses, kindly mountains, the dare of a trout. May we send free descriptive booklet?

NEW HAMPSHIRE
State Development Commission
33 Park St., Concord, New Hampshire

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LOS ANGELES CAL.

"Within Easy Reach of Everything"
HOTEL CLARK
LOS ANGELES
Headquarters for Travelers to the **Olympic Games**
Tariff from $2.50 ... Arrange now for reservations ... Write today. Hill St., bet. Fourth and Fifth, Los Angeles, Calif.

CANADA

NORTHERN ONTARIO
TIMAGAMI
WABI-KON CAMP LAKE TIMAGAMI
A North Woods Bungalow Camp in heart of **four million** acres of virgin forest. **1,502 Lakes.** Every comfort. **Wonderful fishing. Boating, Bathing,** and **Hiking.** One night from Toronto. **Bkt. Mr. WILSON,** Wabi-Kon Postoffice, Timagami, Ont., Canada.

COLORADO

Come, Climb in Colorado
LONGS PEAK INN
A SYNONYM FOR VACATION
Mrs. Enos A. Mills, Longs Peak, Colorado

Ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, for space & rates in our department.

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HOTEL ST. JAMES
Times Sq. New York — 109-13 W. 45th St. — Between 5th Av. & B'way
Much Favored by Women Traveling Without Escort
Three Minutes Walk to Forty Theatres and All Best Shops
Rates & bk'ton application. W. Johnson Quinn, Pres.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN
Corlear Bay Club still has a few furnished housekeeping cottages of various sizes for rent for 1932. Privately owned 180-acre estate 15 miles south of Plattsburg. Open fire-place, running spring water. Sand beach. Tennis, fishing, golf. Rentals $140 to $520. References required. Address
C. H. EASTON, Keeseville, Essex Co., N. Y.

CLARK-WARDNER CAMPS, Rainbow Lake, N. Y.
Adirondacks. Superior table at Nokomis Lodge. Modern improvements. Refined clientele. Send for literature. CHARLES A. WARDNER.

TOURS

EUROPE 25 Days $157
Scotland, England, France. All Expenses. 6 Countries $175. 9 Countries $245. Late Summer Book free.
ALLEN TOURS, 154 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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SLAVES

were still Bought and Sold at the Foot of Wall Street

In Revolutionary times there was a slave market on Wall Street, not far from where the Bank of New York now stands, and as late as 1822 there were 518 slaves in the city. ¶ However, New York State was early in the movement to free the slaves, celebrating "Emancipation Day" July 4, 1827, thirty-five years before Lincoln's proclamation. ¶ Among the early anti-slavery workers were several of the Directors of the Bank of New York.

THROUGH a unique provision in the charter of this institution, its Trustees are elected for life "or good behavior." This has given it assured continuity of management, and has placed on its Board representative men of varied interests. ¶ With its facilities highly specialized along approved principles of modern banking, and offering no securities for sale, this Bank is exceptionally qualified to serve Estates and Trusts, and to meet the banking requirements of corporations, firms and individuals.

BANK *of* NEW YORK
and TRUST COMPANY

Established 1784

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

New York Clearing House Membership Number One ★

Uptown Office: Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

The American Myth

To the Editor:

I believe Mr. John Gavin deserves a medal for the courage that he displayed in signing his name to "The Irish Myth," in your May issue, and that the Editor of THE FORUM deserves another one for printing the article. I don't agree with all of it, but at least I admire bravery.

There are several races in this country that I could say some unpleasant but truthful things about if I had Mr. Gavin's nerve, but I must confess that I have not and that my somewhat limited wardrobe does not include a bullet-proof vest. However, I feel the urge to criticize somebody, so I am going to pick on the one race in America that it is always safe to knock, the one race that will never fight back, that, indeed, likes to be insulted. Of course I refer to the Americans, the Anglo-Saxons who founded this country and ran it until the Irish, the Jews, the Italians, the Chinese, and the Negroes took it away from them.

I happen to be an American, a descendant of Colonial stock. I give my race credit for being exceptionally honest, industrious, liberty-loving, and moral, and for possessing high ideals and admirable principles, but that ends the list of commendable traits.

Our very virtues have led to our downfall. We had a beautiful theory that all men should be equal. We couldn't make them so in a million years, but we did what we deemed the next best thing. We tried to pretend that it was true. Secretly we still had a lurking suspicion that there was a considerable gap between the mental capacity of a low-type savage and that of a high-type Nordic and that there were many degrees of intelligence in between. Nevertheless, we insisted that anyone born in this land of equality, whether brown, black, or yellow, is an American and will behave in the same way as any other American.

We allowed Europeans and Asiatics to flock here in droves, and did not discriminate between the good and the bad. We pretended to see no difference between a Swede and a Sicilian, an Englishman and a Turk. By some strange process of reasoning we decided that since Negroes are not cattle it necessarily follows that they would be of great assistance in running our government. For several years this disastrous policy was carried on in the South, but as a nation we seemed to learn nothing from this painful lesson.

Now we are reaping the harvest of our "broadmindedness" and "tolerance" — a harvest of murderous gangsters, corrupt politicians, and hordes of misfits and undesirables. But we continue to confuse race with nationality, and insist that these undesirable elements are "Americans." We simply will not realize that Asiatics will always be Asiatics, Italians always Italians, no matter where they are born or under what flag. They may adopt our dress, our slang, even our style of living, but under the surface they have not changed.

W. J. DOWD

New York, N. Y.

Wanted — College Graduate

To the Editor:

In your Editorial Foreword to the June issue you refer to the difficulty that young men graduating from college this year will have in securing employment. There will be difficulty — fortunately. This year the graduates will not be able to follow the crowd and drift into mediocre positions as they have formerly done. This is one of the brighter sides of the depression.

In the years from the war to 1920 the large industries made a bid for college graduates. Their representatives visited the campuses and accepted the Seniors without reasonable consideration for the future of the young men. Why? Because the large plants had a mass of routine work which they could shift onto the mass of graduates while they weeded out the best of them. All were paid more than they earned at the start, but the few who proved themselves particularly capable more than made up for the losses on the others.

The result of this program was unfortunate. The men were trained to do inferior work, and then were stuck at it permanently. They couldn't change positions because other companies were also amply supplied with hack men with degrees.

To-day the large companies are still on the lookout for very exceptional men. They are giving all the opportunities they ever gave, all except the chance of being

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Our Rostrum

sidetracked on a narrow job. It is fortunate that the depression is saving the masses from falling into the rut which claimed so many men of the post-war, pre-crash graduating classes.

However, the college Seniors still hope for a chance to get a routine job; they do not look for the real opportunities still, as always, open to them. In my business (electrical manufacturing) I have room for one or two college graduates under somewhat unusual conditions, but there are no graduates even trying to find out whether I have or not. Possibly no one would accept the terms that I am ready to offer to-day, for naturally I cannot offer the kind of terms that would have been possible a few years ago. But the conspicuous fact is that no one is looking.

A. W. Forbes

Worcester, Mass.

A Business Woman Revolts

To the Editor:

I should like to shake hands with Willis J. Ballinger, who wrote "Spinster Factories," in your May issue. Here is a confession for his files.

I am not a product of a women's college, but I was taught a profession and have "succeeded" in it to the extent that I am still holding my job (let me knock on wood) while men are being fired all around me. How gladly I'd give any one of them mine, if I could! But I can't!

Why? Because in the ten years that I have been earning, sometimes very little and sometimes a fair sum, dependencies have grown up to choke me. The legend has developed that I am "clever," "capable," and can "make a living." These were once important words to me. They are that no longer. I find myself choked by the responsibilities for which I once longed.

If girls could only realize when they start out in business that they are laying a pattern for themselves which will be difficult to change, that instead of being able to expect security and shelter they may ultimately be expected to provide it, they might consider twice before they permitted themselves to be sold down the river by the great illusion that the ability to make money creates independence.

Margaret Irons

Boston, Mass.

Who Picks the Candidates?

To the Editor:

The well-written article, "Who Picks Presidential Candidates?" (May Forum) does not answer the question asked. Mr. Strunsky tells us how some candidates are picked but says that the nominations of Cleveland, Bryan, and Wilson "may be credited to destiny." This means very little to the citizen who is trying to understand the motive power in American politics. And some understanding is necessary, especially at this time.

To admit that three Democratic candidates and four Republican candidates, out of a total of twelve each, in the period 1884–1928 were picked in "smoke-filled" rooms is to grant that there are vital defects in our nominating machinery. How were the other nine Democratic and eight Republican nominees chosen? Mr. Strunksy would have us believe that in going back over a period of fifty years probably "nine candidates in ten have been nominated by the most unmanipulated forces imaginable; by manifest destiny, by the logic of events, by accident, by unwritten laws — like that which prescribes the renomination of a President in office." But the man who sticks to the "smoke-filled" room idea might well ask what is meant by "manifest destiny" and "logic of events" and "accident" — terms used, apparently, to conceal forces and factors that one does not understand.

The real question before the American voters in Presidential elections is that of democratic control. The fact is that millions of American voters march to the polls every four years and vote for candidates who have been chosen by irresponsible groups of men and women, whether the choice be made in smoky rooms, on the floor of the convention, or by "manifest destiny."

Who picks Presidential candidates? Certainly not the rank and file of party voters!

Roy Malcom

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Going to the Fourth"

To the Editor:

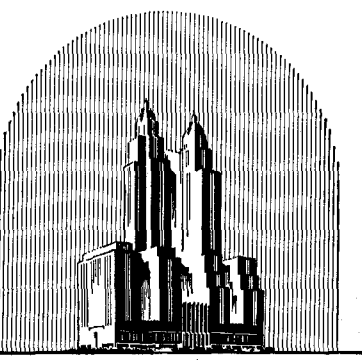
I expect that "family stories" are hard to find, and therefore I want to thank you for "Going to the Fourth," in your May issue. First I read it, and was reminded of an "Old Settlers' Reunion" my parents took me to years ago. Then my husband read it and groaned aloud over the idea of a dishpan full of fried chicken.

I was curious to know how my sophisticated eleven-year-old daughter would feel about Miss Aydelotte's little country girl, and I called her attention to the story. She read it — and I spent an hour trying to explain what a mule-power merry-go-around and starched petticoats were like.

I should like to read more stories of this type.

Mrs. W. H. Voils

Wichita, Kan.



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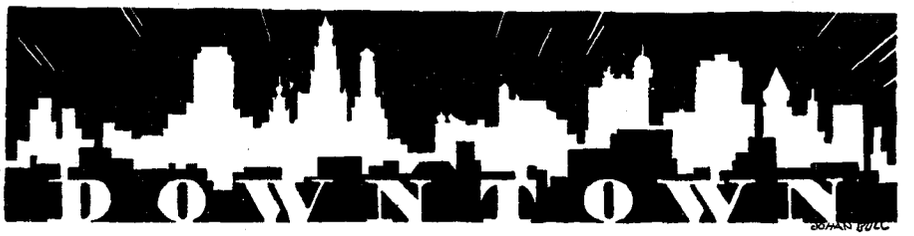

Restoring Confidence

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

PRACTICALLY every major economic depression in history has passed through a phase when serious consideration was given to deliberate inflation of prices. In this respect the present depression is running true to form; the subtle appeal of the "soft" money group is intruding in private conversation and in the press, and it has occupied a great deal of time this year in Congress. The proposals of the inflationists have ranged all the way from issuance of fiat money, through bimetallism, to credit expansion. Although history records further damage to confidence and business recovery whenever such proposals were adopted during past depressions in this country and during the post-war depression in Germany, when the mark failed to purchase as much as the paper and ink with which it was printed, arguments for inflation are making a great popular appeal.

Last spring the veterans incorporated in their bill for immediate payment in full of the bonus voted in 1931 a plan for issuing some two billions of new currency. Again when Congress was struggling to balance the budget by raising taxes and cutting expenditures there were many who argued seriously that there was no need of reaching a balance. Such a program would merely have opened the door for inflation. The national debt would increase by the amount of the annual deficit, uncertainty would continue in business, taxes would increase on falling values, and the chances would be that next year and the year after the same plea would be heard over again. Eventually the pressure of debt would be such that the printing press would be the only way out. The silver group was heard from again, proposing to issue silver currency on a 30 cent silver basis and to peg it at a gold value of about 70 cents. Finally the House of Representatives did pass a bill, the Goldsborough bill. It directed the Federal Reserve Board to manipulate the credit and currency in such a way that commodity prices would be restored to the average level from 1921 to 1929, which would mean an advance of 50 per cent.

Although the Goldsborough bill had a constructive idea, it set a difficult, if not impossible, task. Grant, if you please, that the Federal Reserve has the power to influence price changes, what would be the effect if this objective were attained irrespective of the world price level? Obviously with prices 50 per cent higher here than abroad, this country would be a very good place for foreigners to do their selling, and elsewhere would be a very good place for Americans to do their buying. Domestic business would probably be paralyzed. Gold would pour out, reducing the gold reserve of our banking system, and Federal Reserve notes issued against this base would soon have about the same rating as a fiat currency issued by the Government and backed by nothing at all. Of course we would have to go off the gold standard.

BOLSTERING CREDIT

AS IT happened, at the time that the Goldsborough bill was passed by the House, the Federal Reserve system had already launched a drive for easier credit conditions. By purchasing Government securities in the open market at a rate of $100,000,000 a week it was hoped to ease the money market. As the reserve banks bought securities they put an equivalent amount of credit into circulation at a time when banks were selling securities and calling loans in order to protect their liquidity. It was expected that purchases of United States securities from banks would enable banks to pay off what they owed Federal Reserve Banks and also enable them to increase their deposits, or reserve, with the Federal banks. This, it was hoped, would stem deflation, encourage banks to buy bonds and lend freely to business men, restore confidence, and revive business. In January just such a policy was initiated by the Federal Reserve, but France misinterpreted it as an act of inflation and began to withdraw her gold. To avert a crisis in this respect the Glass-Steagall bill was passed, which increased our gold reserves to a point where we could settle foreign claims of this sort, and then the Federal Reserve was free to go ahead with its policy.

That the present Federal Reserve open market policy should have constructive results on business and the security markets is conceded by most informed observers, with the proviso of course, that Congress follow a sound fiscal policy, particularly including balanced budgets. But there has always been debate as to whether the Federal Reserve has the legal right to exercise its influence in the direction of price control. The Federal Reserve Act is not clear on this point. Some observers read this power into the act in its title, "to furnish an elastic currency," but it is believed that the body of the act and not the title establishes its power. In 1929 the Federal Reserve undertook to tighten credit in the hope of checking the inflation in prices at that time, — exactly the reverse of the present policy, — but it was roundly criticized for it. It might be well for Congress to define this power in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to where the responsibility lies when it becomes necessary some time in the future to check dangerous expansion. Some members of Congress believe that such was the intention of the Goldsborough bill, but the specific instruction to raise prices 50 per cent is confusing in this respect.

STABILIZING PRICES

PRICE fixing and artificial price control have not been successful in the past. A great deal of experimentation has been done in this direction in recent years, and the only effect has been to heighten respect for the old economic law of supply and demand. The Government attempted to fix the price of certain agricultural products on an artificial basis, but the principal effect of the Federal Farm Board's buying was to encourage overproduction and to demoralize markets. It may be that prosperity will return with commodity prices at a comparatively low level, compared with 1929. The fact is that after the depression of 1873–79 and the depression of 1893–96 prosperity returned without any substantial rise in prices. What is more essential is price stability. Sooner or later business adjusts itself to new price levels, and wages are governed accordingly.

It is of the utmost importance that confidence shall return. To assure this deflation of credit must stop. As one bank is forced to liquidate bonds to strengthen its position, it depresses the price of bonds held by other banks. This induces selling by more banks, and so it goes in an endless circle. The organization of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation served effectively to check liquidation by banks, both by supporting weak banks and by speeding up the liquidation of closed banks. The Federal Reserve system is tying in with this well ordered scheme by easing the credit situation and by forcing more credit into circulation. It is perhaps too early to predict success in the shape of restored confidence. Nobody knows what repercussions may develop from foreign situations or from unexpected political developments over here. But progress is being made, and with any luck the return of better times should be accelerated by this policy.

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